



LOOKING FORWARD

▶▶ THE PORTRAIT of George Horace Lorimer by Benjamin Stolberg which heads this issue is an excellent example of the method whereby this journal endeavors to contribute to a better and more intelligent understanding of the forces—human, economic and political—which mould this country. As a moulder of public opinion, Mr. Lorimer, it is true, may be said to assemble and present rather than to lead and direct. The *Saturday Evening Post* has no causes. Therefore it has no editorial page worthy of the name. Yet the *Post*, despite new rivals, remains the most important medium in the land for reaching our citizens. Its very size may preclude it from possessing rare intellectual leadership. But that very size also makes it an enormous force in moulding public opinion. To understand Mr. Lorimer and the *Post* is to comprehend much of America.

▶▶ THE VERY editorial formula of the *Post* would produce other journals like the *Outlook and Independent*; if such ones did not already exist. Much of the *Post* is a mental soporific, dealing only with surface appearances and not with those underlying realities which inquiring men and women wish to understand. Very little of it can be said even remotely to be genuinely political in character. Searching criticism is conspicuously absent, while progress is recorded, not pushed forward.

▶▶ SUCH INEVITABLE defects accompany the evident virtues of America's leading magazine, and fortunately leave a wide field for other journals. For while the *Post* is one of America's leading assets, it is a necessity of progress in this democratic country that ideas be expressed and examined, that realities be dealt with plainly and courageously, and that a variety of opinion and expression be encouraged lest the truth be stifled.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

OUTLOOK

and Independent



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A Sailor's Log By Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"SATURDAY EVENING POST" COVER IN 1901

OUTLOOK

and Independent

May 21, 1930

▶▶ Merchant in Letters ◀◀

Portrait of George Horace Lorimer

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER wants to believe—and what he wants he has the will to believe—that the *Saturday Evening Post* was founded by Benjamin Franklin. Strictly speaking, it wasn't. When Mr. Lorimer first came to the *Post* it was still "Founded, A.D. 1821." But just before the turn of the century, as the *Post* was gathering momentum for the career of George Horace Lorimer, it began to sprout a family tree. And through a series of miraculous masthead mutations it reconceived itself and was "Founded A.D. 1728 by Benjamin Franklin."

What had happened was perfectly natural. What appears to the innocent historian of journalism as a bold sleight-of-type was but a process of normal inflexions in Mr. Lorimer's mind. For whatever his faults, lack of honesty is not one of them. Truthfulness is never a mere business of words. It is the strong personality which will not belie itself. In this sense Mr. Lorimer is natively and very effectively honest. For this very reason he is apt to dismiss things as they just happened for what they really amount to. His conclusions are essentially the beginnings of policy. And so when Mr. Lorimer began to sense the potential power of the *Post* as a generator of public mentality, he posited a number of rather optional but fairly significant assumptions. They intrinsically coincided with his publisher's wishes, as they always do, for Mr. Lorimer's practical logic is the coefficient of Mr. Curtis' ingenuous ethics.

These assumptions are as simple as they are sensible. It seemed to Mr.

"*The Saturday Evening Post*" is based on the character of George Horace Lorimer. It is clean, sensible; its outlook is balanced. Under Mr. Lorimer's guidance the "*Post*" has grown from a few thousand copies to over three million each week. Mr. Lorimer justly belongs in the *Outlook's* gallery of moulders of opinion

Lorimer that the editorship of the *Pennsylvania Gazette* by Samuel Keimer, who had founded it in 1728, was too fugitive and petty to matter, in every way but the irremovable date. It, therefore, seemed to him that the *Gazette* may be said to have started in every way but chronologically, when Benjamin Franklin bought it in 1729, and kept it more or less avocationally for thirty-six years. Furthermore, he no doubt brushed aside, if he ever bothered to do so, the petty contention that the *Post* is a descendant of the *Gazette* by purchase rather than pedigree; and it no doubt never occurred to him that the spiritual continuity between Franklin's weekly and the *Post* under himself is considered by many as excessively moot. Those who feel that way never browsed in Franklin's *Gazette*. The main difference is that Franklin was rather easy in his conformity, while Mr. Lorimer is hardy about it. Otherwise Franklin and Lorimer are most profitably comparable and much can be learned of the latter from the comparison. What counts is that both are high experts in the temper, the manners, the social signals, and especially in the publicity of their periods. Plainly, if you cut the red tape to Mr. Lorimer's willing and astute insight, Franklin did found his editorial chair. Franklin's chair was a distin-

guished seat and finding it empty Mr. Lorimer finally took it, thereby paying an apposite tribute to the reputedly most sensible American, who would have done the same thing, for no one knew better than Franklin that prestige is the soul of good business. So it happened

that Franklin and Lorimer became the two great editors of the *Saturday Evening Post*. It was "founded" by Benjamin Franklin and it was made by George Horace Lorimer.

Indeed, the closer one thinks that way, the more the great editors resemble each other. Both were poor immigrants to Philadelphia from Boston, though Lorimer was born in Kentucky. Both were enamored of printer's ink, managers rather than writers, though their writings say what they want to say shrewdly and well. Both grew in influence and affluence and the control of their fellows' inferior minds. They both love the common virtues, if properly salted and spiced. Above all, they both worship at the shrine of plain American horse sense, and the fact that they are polished communicants of this simplest of all creeds merely dignifies the homeliness of their democracy. Franklin was tireless in handing out platitudes, not because he was dull but because he was wily in gauging social reluctance. And here is from Old Gorgon Graham, Mr. Lorimer's hero in his *Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son*: "Boys are constantly writing me for advice about how to succeed, and when I send them my receipt, they say that I am dealing out commonplace generalities. Of course I am . . ."

Franklin and Lorimer are both arch-Americans in their profound belief that the meaning of life is not hidden but wrinkled on its surface; that its secrets come out in the astute living of it; and that its supposedly ineffable values merely make for confusion and failure in this responsible world. This defense of the surface they do not hold naïvely, but as an archly integral social philosophy. As you do, so you might as well think! As you act, so you are! "Appearances are deceitful, I know," Mr. Lorimer slyly observes through Old Gorgon Graham, "but as long as they are there is nothing like having them deceive for us as against us." Franklin was our first pragmatist and behaviorist, the forerunner of Dewey and Watson and our Big Business leaders, who would recondition all reflexes into the best means of living and call it a life. Mr. Lorimer helped to manipulate this philosophy into an American folklore.

BOTH FRANKLIN and Lorimer, as his spokesman Old Gorgon Graham puts it, are optimistic in selling the goods and pessimistic in counting the cash. They are simple in looking at principles and complex in figuring the interests. Franklin's *Autobiography* and Mr. Lorimer's *Letters* are models of the same cynical safety and sanity. They both view life as an honorably canny and, at times, delightfully crafty game, in which destiny and character are built by astuteness within the dominant code and are deteriorated by playing too far outside of it. To both of them man is a functional animal in an instrumental society. So they both believe in success as the best possible measure of personal and social adjustment. Their counterpart among simple men is the Babbity, whose granddaddy was good old Ben Franklin and whose outstanding philosopher, guide, and friend today is Mr. Lorimer, who does their thinking and is therefore *not* one of them. The Franklins and Lorimers themselves, of course, do not lead by virtue of their common sense, which they have and apply in those petty affairs for which it is serviceable. They lead by virtue of an uncommon sensitiveness to the ordinary mind of their day, by a sort of calculus of horse sense, which is something quite different. Surely there is nothing realistic in the *Saturday Evening Post*, except Mr. Lorimer's canny gift in aiding the average American to escape his little life into large affairs and happy solutions without feeling like Alice in Won-

derland. Far from being a guide to the perplexed, the *Post* is a magic carpet for a weekly spin from environment.

This disparity between his intellectual perspicacity and his bromidic philosophy Mr. Lorimer, even more than Franklin, bridges with a network of cynical homilies, cynical not in the corrosive but in the sly sense. Yet there must have been some sort of conflict from this disparity in him. The struggle could not have been very serious, and it must have been fought out 'way back in his early years. The split has healed and has made him only the stronger as a conformist. But it has colored his psychology very significantly and all the way through. There is to this day in him something of the little boy who wants to be hard and tough-minded and who is ashamed of all subliminal values as the earmarks of "high brows" and mollycoddles. He is irrationally contemptuous of everything "intellectual" and insolently irritated with all dissent from the dominant standards. He protests his common sense too much. He defends not merely those truisms which are true enough, but all the flummeries of Rotary.

"There is no finer product of modern civilization than our American business man," he fairly shouts. He wants to believe it because his success lies in his leadership of the "commonplace generalities." He has powerfully helped to create them. He has the energetic integrity to demand his own belief in his leadership, and knowing that one cannot lead without faith, he dares to be trite in his fundamental philosophy. But those who dare also doubt, and since doubt in its nature is intellectual and dissident, he stifled it by making his conformity militant, by flattening his whole outlook on life, by turning his commonplaces into moral finger posts, and by telling his critics to go to hell. He exercises his intellectualism in criticising these commonplaces specifically, where they contradict and weaken each other. This explains his personal civilization. But he doesn't permit himself to undermine these commonplaces generically. No more than the Pope, no matter how civilized, would deny his own infallibility, does Mr. Lorimer care to entertain any doubts of any office boy's chance to be President. His own office boy he knows to perfection.

The analogy between Franklin and Lorimer helps to reveal Mr. Lorimer's temper not merely where it fits, but also where it is a trifle awry. Franklin lived in Revolutionary America. Though the

Revolution was by and large for the dominant classes, still a Revolution it was and a grand one at that, rich in the revaluation of things. It brought common ideas closer to great thoughts, and so the cleft between the thinker and trader in Franklin was a mere scratch. The Revolution enlarged his horizon and it deepened his native sociality. In his later years, his shrewdness mellowed into a sort of simple wisdom and lifted his platitudes into the truisms of a wider humanity. Good business was to him better than bad, but it was not the romantic movement it is to Mr. Lorimer. Franklin loved the arts and sciences for their own sake. So does Mr. Lorimer, but because he knows that such is the price of their usefulness. Franklin's Revolutionary experience gave him no Jeffersonian insights into the abstractions of liberty, but it did sublimate his wide variety of gifts into a high and intimate sense that nothing human should ever be alien. To Mr. Lorimer nothing alien is ever quite human. He wants all aliens finger-printed, all foreign ideas suspiciously registered, a high tariff not merely on goods but also on culture. He is, or rather he was, one of the main unofficial spokesmen of the America between the Spanish-American and the immediate post-World-War periods, when we grew from a great power into the major world empire, and he suffers a good deal from the parochialism of all the adjusted apologists for an arrogant culture. His gifts are narrower, tougher, and a good deal more telling. He always knows what he wants. He wants nothing beyond the knowledge he cares for. Except for his anti-intellectualism, he is emotionally and rationally at one and coeducated, and he carries his experience, which is not rich but very strategic, with enormous vitality. All this gives him a sure mastery of his opinions, especially when they matter to him, and then they grow muscular with ruthless prejudice.

PUBLICLY NEVER as keen as he is privately, in manner a man of the world, in mind a deliberate merchant in wholesale ideas, in spirit the man he is by self-discipline without self-deception, vastly industrious and perfectly organized, Mr. Lorimer touches genius as an honest but sly pragmatist in a society whose tendencies he senses just ahead of their formation. He is never too far ahead of his day, never beyond the day after tomorrow, so that he may lead and not merely express the prevalent men-

tality about him. In short, his wisdom came to him not from the verities, but as the unearned increment of his enormous effectiveness.

WHEN Mr. Lorimer took charge of the *Post*, 'way back in the summer of 1898, he sensed one big social reality, which ever since he has exploited with much acumen. He foresaw that American business was on the threshold of becoming more than mere business. An economy was growing into a culture, and in his eager young mind it assumed the vision of Romance. He was quite right. Romance is the sublimation of a *modus vivendi* into the fullness of life. Probably more than any one else he trained the American people to see high adventure in the business game and to believe in the ethics of its sociology. He helped to fashion a public mind which wanted national prosperity, with merely nominal reference to distributive justice, for the scaffolding of the national attitudes. "By their works ye shall know them." To Mr. Lorimer the "works" are our industries and the best way to "know them" is to watch them parade in the advertising columns of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Yet Mr. Lorimer never had overmuch to do directly with his advertising department. He knew that the best paid way to guide the advertiser to the purse of the nation is through its mentality. It is really the mentality of the American people that he has been editing, from nine in the morning until one or two the next morning most of his days for thirty-two years. He has been editing a national outlook for a business society.

The *Post* is Mr. Lorimer's creature. Nothing goes into it uncensored by his consistency. In this sense Mr. Lorimer is the most creative editor of his time. He profoundly believes that the editor should be the dictator of his publication. I have no doubt that, in theory, Mr. Lorimer would consider it not merely more sensible but also more honorable to get paid for an advertisement of which he does not approve than to pay for a story with which he does not agree, for reliable views are obviously far more important than reliable goods. To him, the relevant freedom of the periodical press is the unhampered expression of the editor, who must not permit his contributors to corrode his opinions and nullify his policies. The

liberal doctrine that the editor should fight for other people's convictions he dismisses with the contempt which the strong personality always feels for the mists of tolerance in social opinion. Personally, I think, there is much to be said for this view. The great editor is always a personal journalist.

From all this it is plain that the fiction which finds its way into the *Post* is not judged on its literary merits, as such. The stories, in whatever form, which Mr. Lorimer takes and for which he pays promptly and well, must fit

best of our mass periodicals.

Through the years many popular writers have tried to assemble for Mr. Lorimer perfect parts to fit stencilled plots, and often have succeeded remarkably. Some of the most competent craftsmen have been among his contributors. But not very often have even the gifted among them written also creatively. They could write literature only when the story inherently fitted Mr. Lorimer's outlook; or when he himself felt critical of certain phases of American life as detrimental to the best business society; or when he was indifferent to some conventional aspect of things; or when he could not resist the temptation of satire, for all his humorous senses are keenly developed from plain fun to delicate malice. Such literature, of varying quality, Emerson Hough wrote in *The Covered Wagon*, Frank Norris wrote in *The Pit*, Edith Wharton in her pastels of the Four Hundred, Ring Lardner in *You Know Me*, Al. Bret Harte, Owen Wister, Herbert Quick, F. Scott Fitzgerald have, at times, been more than glib artisans. But on the whole, fiction in the *Post* is clever, craftsmanlike and deftly commonplace when the writer is a good workman. When he is not, when his material is too flimsy for skilful construction then we get merely neat trash, carefully piled into the requisite number of columns.

And much, if not most, of the fiction in the *Post* is nowadays just that.

Success and Love, usually hand in hand, are the favorite topics. The success stories do not point the achievement of inner strength at outer expense or, for that matter, of outer strength at inner expense. They do not deal with real personalities but with variant stereotypes. Success is the reward either for good behavior or the mere possession of salubrious instincts. The hero's virtues are usually homely, except his appearance which must corroborate the illustrations. The reward most frequently comes in the form of honest chances to rise in this world, and is likely accompanied by the awakening affections of a professionally splendid young woman. Love is usually some sublimation of Old Gorgon Graham's cynical drollery that one should never marry money with a woman but a woman with money. Of course this wily crack is not meant for the ears of the hero, who like Jacob has to work for his love without counting the sheep. Lovers in the *Post* must of



Keystone

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER

into his scheme of things. Their emotional strains are tested by the parallelogram of conventional forces. The well-known writer is allowed no more substantive latitude than the unknown contributor, who is always encouraged. It's the story and not the author which is the thing! Unfortunately, a story which is conditioned by anything but its own inner sequence is not really a story but a contrivance. It does not procreate characters, it manufactures them. The *Saturday Evening Post* has done more to develop the technique of the short story as good composition and second-rate literature than any other periodical I know. It is the only magazine where one may find a surprising amount of excellent writing which is not worth reading, except as an index of what the popular mind is allowed for its taste in the

course marry, though nothing ever happens to make them, for the stories in the *Post* are "all clean, wholesome stories, fit reading for a clean and wholesome people." Failure, in life or in love, is restricted to pointing a negative moral. Lindbergh, that ideal amalgam of the perfect mechanic and fine young man, natively daring, nervously steady, mentally straight and emotionally right, who conquers the world and marries the highly advantaged yet modestly charming daughter of an Ambassador and ex-Morgan partner—that was God's own contribution to a *Saturday Evening Post* epic. Needless to say I mean here the Lindberghs of publicity lore. The Lindberghs of real life I do not know.

The humorous story in the *Post* is rather low but thoroughly fumigated. Montague Glass's burlesques of Jewish life are very funny when our sense of humor is tired. But Octavus Roy Cohen's caricatures of the Negro are obtuse and offensive travesties of the American race problem. And Irvin Cobb's heavy wit often ineptly disguises some propaganda, as for instance the story in which he got indigestion from a Government-owned chicken on a diner in war time.

JUST ABOUT HALF the contents of the *Post* are non-fiction. The articles no less than the stories are never permitted to skip beyond Mr. Lorimer's sociological censorship. Many are written or signed by the professionally great. Now and then the distinguished person is also brilliant, as was Tom Reed, the unforgettable Czar of the House, whose

guile and wit were sheer joy. Other contributors in the old days were Uncle Joe Cannon, the learned and dashing Albert J. Beveridge, Senator J. J. Ingalls from Kansas, Marse Henry Watterson, William Winter, in his day the dean of dramatic critics, Augustus

Rogers, our tin imitation of the great Mr. Dooley, every now and then grins at things, of whose significance he is so annoyingly unaware. But, by and large, celebrities of any size, especially of economic or political consequence, almost always make good reading. Even if the

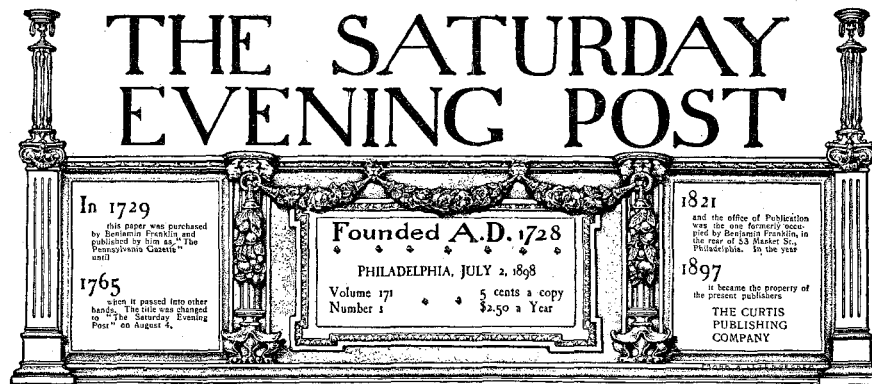
celebrity be nothing but a stuffed shirt, what he says is worth hearing. When he speaks for publication it may be important, and when he tells the truth it is surprising.

There seldom was a more intelligent and charming observer of public affairs and political monkeyshines, who wrote more slyly of politicians and other public characters, than Samuel G. Blythe, undoubtedly the best special writer the *Post* ever had. His partial retirement is a real loss. For a while it seemed that ex-Ambassador Richard Washburn Child was to be his successor. Barkis was willin', but he just wouldn't do, it seems. Mr. Lorimer might have put up with either his Boy Scout philosophy or his prep school style, but their happy fusion was probably a little too much. The king of reporters and grand interviewer for the *Post* is Isaac F. Marcosson. He is perennially vaulting all over the globe to eat breakfast with the powers that be. Social forces are

to him the sport of the respectfully great. Publicism is their publicity. Journalism is a species of glorified palmistry. And he is as glib and as obvious as any other hand-reader.

The economic writers for the *Post* are legion. Among the best known are Garett Garrett, who used to be quite a liberal, and Edwin Lefevre, who

(Please Turn to Page 115)



The FIRST "FOURTH" of JULY

Independence Hall as it was in the Days of '76

By WILLIAM PERRINE

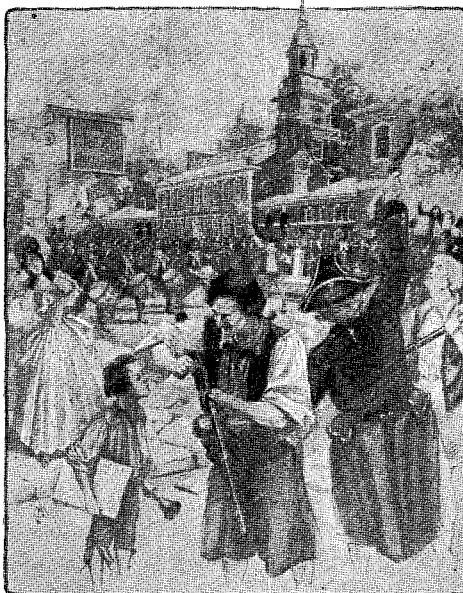
THE most venerated building on the American continent has just gone through the process of a historic "restoration." To the historic edifice in which the Declaration of Independence was adopted, and which was the Capitol of the Continental Congress, has been applied a plan of making it look as it was on the fourth day of July 1776, and of preserving it thus forever for the nation and for posterity.

Colonial literature has been ransacked, Colonial relics have been exhibited and compared, and the critics of Colonial history, in the midst of their discoveries of texts and prius, have carried on controversies like those of the monkish scholars who disputed over a reading of a papirus or the authenticity of a true bit of the cross. An amount of money much greater than the original cost of the building has been expended in the reproduction of the revelation of its lost antiquities. The most minute and the most scrupulous research has been given to the task with a sense of reverential duty and love combined.

Indeed, with such jealous care has the operation been conducted that it would, perhaps, have been easier to gain access to the Winter Palace of the Czar than it has been for a visitor during nearly a year to pass the guards that have guarded the American Temple of Liberty. The solicitude lest a vandal or a relic hunter should carry away even a splinter of the sacred edifice has been at times almost painfully acute. In truth, the whole work has been done with a profound realization of what is due to the country in handing down to countless generations of Americans that hall whose walls Edward Everett once said that it would not be unsooty for his countrymen ever to look upon as a salvation, and its gates praise.

The hall in which the makers of the Declaration of Independence sat had for forty years before been the meeting-place of the Assembly of Pennsylvania. No fine legislative chamber was to be found in the Colonies, and the architecture of the State House would frequently elicit the admiration of Europeans. Yet there is evidence that when it was built the same difficulties which impeded the construction of public buildings in our own time—the opposition of disappointed critics, and the schemes of politicians and office-holders—entered largely into the undertaking.

The famous Andrew Hamilton, the architect, was on one occasion so disgusted that he



FROM THE GALLERY OF H. S. HARTMAN

THE PEOPLE CROWDED AROUND THE STATE HOUSE, BELLS WERE RUNG ALL OVER TOWN, AND GUNS WERE FIRED.

to wash his hands of all responsibility for the affair, and twelve years after the legislators of Pennsylvania first took possession of it they were in discomfort because it was still unfinished. It will thus be seen that the building had long been a seat of legislation before the Continental Congress even thought of making it their headquarters.

The most conspicuous reminder we now have of its earlier days is the elegant apartment occupying the entire second floor and

known as the "Banquet Room." It had been the scene of many a dinner, a ball or a celebration of the King's birthday. The restoration of this fine, ancient room in white and yellow to its elegant simplicity in the pre-Revolutionary days was the first step in the process of historic reconstruction. It was under the direction of the Daughters of the Revolution, who hold with loving care the big brass key of its doors, and the old-fashioned fireplaces, with their sooty bricks

on which was mounted the chair or throne of the President; in front of him was the desk of the Secretary; and now the chair in which Hancock sat, the desk on which Charles Thompson entered his minutes of the proceedings, and on which the Declaration was signed, and the silver inkstand that was used by the signers are all there. There, too, are chairs on which the members sat when, arranged in a semi-circle, they debated the affairs of the Revolution.

The "Post" in 1898, a year after Mr. Lorimer joined it

Thomas, the playwright. In more recent years Mme. Schumann-Heink, Herbert Hoover, when Secretary of Commerce, Secretary Mellon, an occasional European celebrity, and many others of great or big reputation have contributed a mixture of opinion, facts, gossip and self-esteem. Gilbert Seldes told some "radical" tales out of school. Will

►► Future of the Chinese Puzzle ◄◄

By W. LOCK WEI

NEWSPAPER readers attempting to follow developments in China must be greatly baffled as to what the trouble is all about. We are informed that Chiang Kai-shek has subdued the Northern militarists. We read about famines and riots, and the foreign powers squabbling over the question of unequal treaties and extraterritorial rights. We hear of Bolshevism, Militarism, Anti-foreignism and many other destructive forces. These scraps of information come across in so confused and disconnected a manner that the events which took place in China during the last few years may easily appear to us to be the proverbial "Chinese Puzzle." The solution of this puzzle, however, is not beyond our power, if we keep in mind these questions: What are the Chinese fighting for? What difficulties have they to overcome? Towards what goal is this period of transition and unrest leading?

Even a cursory glance at China's changing history in the past few years will give us some grasp of the situation. For the title of "revolution" as applied to the happenings in China in 1911 was, as things turned out, one of courtesy only in the affable Chinese manner. Although the Republic of China was proclaimed and Dr. Sun Yat-sen elected Provisional President, the evils of the old régime of the Manchu emperors still persisted. Yuan Shih-kai, the most powerful man in China, had to be considered. So the winners of the revolution offered him the Presidency in order that Yuan would not have to be so vulgar as to ask for it, nor they be obliged to yield to a threat. Thus good form, at any rate, was victorious. The result of this was that, not only the Manchu boy Emperor, but also the sincere and ardent revolutionists came to grief, for the Emperor lost his throne, while the ideal and progressive aims of the republicans were frustrated. Thus, when the boy Emperor abdicated in 1912, it soon became evident that Dr. Sun Yat-sen could not continue as President of the new republic, if further bloodshed were to be averted; so in 1912 he handed over the reins of government to Yuan Shih-kai, who had enormous military backing. Though the dictator realized his ambition of becoming Emperor of China in 1914, his triumph was short lived. For, in 1915, all the republican forces in China were gathered together under

General Tsai, who completely routed the new emperor's forces. The provisional constitution of the Republic was again made effective and the Vice-President, Li Yuan-hung, was chosen president. Yuan Shih-kai soon died and in 1917 the scattered remains of his military forces, the Tuchuns—the war lords of the provinces—took up arms once more. They dissolved the National Assembly, deprived the President of his power, and the boy Emperor was reinstated by Chang Hsun. After this coup d'état, the southwestern provinces declared their independence and formed the Canton Government to support the National Assembly and fight for the Republic. The boy Emperor was forced from the throne once more. The Peking Government was taken over by the Northern militarists, who involved the country in civil war between the North and the South.

DR. SUN YAT-SEN, now President of the Southern Government, organized in 1918 the first punitive expedition against the North. As a result of the treachery of Chan Kwing Ming, one of Dr. Sun's own generals, who rebelled at a critical moment, the expedition proved a complete failure. Since that time the Peking Government has changed hands frequently. Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin each had a hand in steering the ship of state and an opportunity of proving the theory at that time so popular in China, that the entire country would best be ruled by a strong central government with a powerful man at its head. But both of these Federalists of the East failed miserably.

Since the Tuchuns' conference in 1921 at Tiensin, the Northern military leaders have been busy fighting one another. The three most important parties—the Anfu, Fengtien, and Chili—had large and enthusiastic followings and easily outclassed the other military parties. In time Anfu was annihilated and Fengtien sapped. The Chili party was still worse off, for it was so completely wiped out that even the genius and the unflagging energy of Wu Pei-fu were exerted in vain.

In the South, however, conditions had improved in about the same ratio as those in the North had gone from bad

to worse. The spectacular emergence of Chiang Kai-shek, a young general under Sun Yat-sen, and his successful campaign in 1924 in the South had united under one authority the whole of the Kwangtung Province, of which Canton is the capital. Since that time every effort has been made to attain unity in finances, which have provided sufficient revenues for a bigger and better army. It is reported that the total revenues of the Kwangtung Province in 1926 amounted to \$40,000,000 per annum—approximately one hundred per cent more than four years previous. Of this amount, eighty per cent went into the war chest. The Canton army received better equipment and the men, particularly the officers of lower ranks, were better trained and of higher intelligence than those of the Northern army. Another factor of importance and significance was the patriotic idealism and enthusiasm of the Southern army; for it is evident that forces inspired by a single purpose, who know for what they are fighting, are more formidable than self-seeking mercenary troops.

As General Chiang Kai-shek felt sure of the strength and the morale of his army in comparison with the weakness of the Northern troops, he went forward in the fall of 1926 with the second punitive expedition against the North. Choosing Canton as his base, he quickly subdued Kwangsi and Kweichow. The enrollment of General Tang Shen-chi under the Kuomintang—the Nationalist Party—and the success of the campaign in Hunan soon brought that province into the fold; and, as Wuchang and Hankow soon after fell, Hupeh, Wu Pei-fu's stronghold, also came under the Kuomintang. Three out of the five provinces under Sun Chung-fang were then gradually brought under the Nationalist banner, until today it now floats over practically the whole of China. Thus the aim of the South to overcome the self-seeking Northern militarists has been a decided success.

Unfortunately, however, in their struggle against the war lords of the North, the Nationalists were opposing parties backed financially by some of the foreign powers which were naturally unsympathetic towards the South. Canton was later branded as "red" for accepting help from Russia, which power had offered not only financial assistance, but also the abolition of extraterritorial

rights. This latter had aroused, even among the masses, a feeling of nationalistic patriotism. This was the cause of the riots in Canton and the strike in Hongkong as a protest against the imperialism of the British. The subsequent taking of Hankow and Shanghai by the Nationalists finally gave the foreign powers the opportunity for armed intervention; they insisted that their nationals were in jeopardy as a result of the clash between North and South and utilized the Nanking outrage, at which some foreigners were injured, as their basis for protest and the demand that the wrong should be righted.

At this point, a few remarks as to extraterritoriality may be illuminating:—When China was defeated by Japan in 1894, a vivid picture of the corruption and inefficiency of the old Manchu régime was exposed to the world at large. The Western Powers were not slow to take advantage of the opportunities their newly acquired knowledge gave them. Germany seized Kiaochow and dominated the Province of Shantung; Russia took bases for Port Arthur and Dalny; Great Britain leased Weihaiwei and Kowloon, the mainland opposite Hongkong. France leased Kwangchow-wan. Of course this grab-bag was organized for practical purposes and the term "lease" used as a euphemism for a cession of territory. At the same time, the powers vied with each other in their efforts to obtain valuable concessions for building railways, exploiting mines, launching various public utilities, and negotiating loans. The matter of railways was of especial importance, as the agreements assigned rights and privileges for the foreign concessionaires which amounted to the virtual sovereignty of the latter.

This rather undignified scramble to squeeze what they could out of the weakened Manchus was called "The Battle of Concessions." But that is not nearly all: dissatisfied with what they had already grabbed, they gravely proceeded to mark out on the map of China what they intended to incorporate into their greedy maw in the near future. A huge area, such as "the Valley of the Yangtze River" or "North of the Great Wall," would be carefully delineated for subsequent political and economic exploitation and called a "sphere of influence." No wonder that both Chinese and foreigners believed that the partition of China was about to take place. But "the pitcher goes to the well—till it breaks." And finally the day of retribution

arrived in the shape of the Boxers.

These were, to be sure, ignorant and superstitious men, who believed that the expulsion or extermination of the relatively few foreigners in China would be a simple matter and would solve the problem. Their crass, if pathetic, ignorance and their barbarous conduct cannot be condoned. It must be admitted, however, that there was in that movement the germ of love of country and racial pride. It was no mere accident that the Boxer Movement started in the Province of Shantung, where the people had had a taste of Prussian militarism. Apart from the political mailed fist of the powers, the Chinese people often suffered grievances of other kinds inflicted knowingly or unknowingly by foreign residents. They took root in the tendency of certain missionaries to interfere, with all too frequent success, with the local governments, especially in the administration of justice. Whatever their motives might have been, whether imperialistic, which is scarcely compatible with the preaching of the Gospel, or the more humane one of protecting a convert with the missionary's magic cloak of extraterritoriality, is futile to conjecture. Quite enough that it was clearly recognized by the people of the towns and villages, particularly in the poorer sections. The missionary saw his converts increasing at a rapid rate, but doubtless did not always realize that some of them had accepted his faith for the purpose of securing his protection, or that others, worse still, coveted his influence to oppress their neighbors. The people were, therefore, not well disposed toward certain missions and their converts.

THUS THE FOREIGN diplomatic and missionary zeal watered the soil for the growth of Boxerism, while the peasants' misguided patriotism and the connivance of the Manchu Court furthered the development of the movement. Although it was restricted to a few provinces and a small minority of the people, it did enough damage directly and indirectly. The Chinese people paid dearly for the madness of the few and the behavior of some of the troops of the foreign armies was no better than that of the Boxers, and the innocent suffered doubly. After it was all over, a huge indemnity was exacted amounting to over 980,000,000 taels. Each power and its nationals filed claims for damages as they thought fit, with no one to check up on them. In 1908 the American Gov-

ernment remitted a portion of its share, a worthy example, which other powers are now beginning to emulate.

"Extrality"—the pardonably short term for extraterritoriality—is the strange legal fiction through which the foreigners in China are accorded two important privileges: they are not subject to the jurisdiction of the Chinese laws or to its courts. In foreign countries such exemptions are granted only to sovereigns and ambassadors, but in China every foreigner, be he a beachcomber or an habitual criminal, enjoys almost royal and diplomatic immunities. The early traders maintained that, at best, the Chinese laws did not agree with their conception of justice. But the Chinese replied to this: "We didn't ask you to come here; you came because you found the trade was profitable. You must take things as you find them, the bad with the good, as elsewhere. Why shouldn't we try to punish you, when you break our laws simply because you don't like them?"

The Chinese is aware that the foreigner believes himself to have been a benefactor to the country, as he has been the vehicle which has introduced Christianity and modern science with its manifold advantages. But do the large majority of foreign residents know the thoughts and feelings of the thinking Chinese on the subject? Do they know that it is the consensus of Chinese opinion that the foreigner has much the better of the bargain, that the grievances of the Chinese are many and great?

If the Chinese have a reasonable cause for complaint, the first thing to do is to remove it. It is quite all right for the foreigner to insist on his treaty rights and to reiterate his reverence for the sanctity of contracts. When an agreement is entered into freely and voluntarily, the Chinese is proverbial for his scrupulous observation of the obligations he has assumed, and for his generous treatment of the other party to the pact. The history of international private business with Chinese from its inception offers ample proof. But in this instance, China plays the part of a healthy adult who is obliged to comply with a contract which was forced upon him with the object of crippling him for life; much as if a minor had entered into an agreement with an unscrupulous and rapacious money-lender and were forced to pay usurious interest to the end of his days. This parallel is not exaggerated, for the old Manchu Government was totally unacquainted with

the modern business methods of the western world. In the case of a minor, however, the law upholds the invalidity of such a contract; but in international affairs, there is no analogous legal remedy. This argument is Mr. Bertrand Russell's!

The reader may now inquire: "Well, if China succeeds in suppressing militarism and the foreign powers have waived their extraterritorial rights, will she enter upon the millennium?" The answer is a most decided "No!" It is merely a beginning. For, besides the transient and external troubles already mentioned, China must cure her internal aches and pains.

Owing to centuries of isolation from the rest of the world and the system of classical education handed down through countless generations, the Chinese have been inspired by individual realization, have laid stress on the betterment of human relationships, duties and ideals. Science has scarcely played a part in the life of the nation, so that the Chinese, until recently at least, have been a nation of amateurs, whether in statecraft, education, industry, or commerce. During the periods in which western countries have enlisted science and scientific methods to serve the state and its citizens, the national economy of China has been left to men without scientific training or experience; specialists were lacking even in the most technical branches. The inauguration of every reform in recent times, constitutional, military, naval, financial, and educational, was a painful spectacle of commissions appointed to investigate, formulate and recommend measures and systems, invariably composed of members who had no qualifications for the duties entrusted to them. In the cases where experts were employed, as, for instance, in the investigation of the currency problem, the reports of these experts were submitted for criticism and approval to officials with no knowledge of monetary matters, nor even of the conditions and needs of the country along those lines. The result was that, after careful and exhaustive investigation, nothing came of it but the continuation in China of the

most chaotic and uneconomic currency system ever known.

As an instance of this amateurish spirit, the following incident is characteristic. Toward the end of the Manchu Dynasty, a special naval commission was selected to study naval conditions abroad. It was headed by a Manchu prince, who, as Minister of Marine, was entrusted with the formulation of naval policy and naval defense. The investigation, like junketing trips in more advanced countries, consisted in a sight-

important positions and they were thus prevented from introducing reforms on an important scale. However, since the establishment of the Nationalist Government, the returned students have come to the fore—a glance at the present cabinet—at the heads of other government departments—at the diplomatic service—will convince any one of the fact:

Dr. Chengting T. Wang, Yale, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

T. V. Soong, Harvard, Minister of Finance.

Dr. H. H. Kung, (direct descendant of Confucius), Oberlin, Minister of Industry, Commerce and Labor.

Sun Fo, California and Columbia, Minister of Railways.

Chiang Mon-ling, California, Minister of Education.

Dr. J. Heng Liu, Harvard, Minister of Health.

The Chinese Minister to Washington, Dr. C. C. Wu, son of the late Dr. Wu Ting Fang, the most popular minister ever accredited there, went to school at the Atlantic City High School and graduated from London University. The Chinese ministers to England, Brazil, Cuba, Mexico, Italy, and Holland are also graduates of American universities, as are also the consuls-general at New York (Mr. S. S. Young), San Francisco, Manila, and London.

Upon the stalwart shoulders of these men the destiny of China rests. Their task is neither easy nor enviable; for, besides remedying the troubles we have so far encountered, there is still the vital question of providing

means of communication and transportation in China adequate to distribute the enormous population over the vast territory: the task of eliminating the differences in customs and manners in the various provinces; and, last but not least, that of standardizing the spoken language, which is largely responsible for the lack of unity in China.

At present, the main difficulty in China is the battle between two theories of government. It is the same struggle that agitated the early years of the United States—Federalists and Democrats, Hamiltonians and Jeffer-

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Courtesy E. & A. Milch

THE CROWDED HOUR, SOO-CHOW

Etching by Lucille Douglass

seeing tour at naval ports, docks, and shipyards and one long round of banquets. The only results were the derangement of the commissioners' digestion.

The question may now, or at some other time, arise in the mind of the astute reader, as to what has become of the hordes of Chinese students who have returned from abroad. The first group was sent to various parts of the world in search of scientific knowledge as early as 1908 and there must have been tens of thousands who returned to China.

This is true, but not until recently have these returned students received

▷▷ Success or Seasoning? ◁◁

A Davis Cup Query

By GEORGE TREVOR

AS A result of tryouts at Pinehurst and White Sulphur, the personnel of the 1930 American Davis Cup has been named—but has it?

One suspects that in picking John Van Ryn, Wilmer Allison, Johnny Doeg, and George Lott, the Davis Committee did so with a secret reservation—viz., to inject our old friend William Tilden into the picture when the scene shifts to France.

Like Banquo's ghost, the gaunt figure of "Big Bill" haunted the farewell dinner party at White Sulphur. The elimination of George Lott and John Doeg in the singles gave Chairman Joseph Wear and Team Captain Eugene Dixon "furiously to think." Theoretically, Doeg and Lott are the ranking singles players among our up and coming generation, yet it was the doubles specialists—Van Ryn and Allison—who faced one another in the singles final.

The tryouts settled only one question conclusively. Allison and Van Ryn, the smoothest, best co-ordinated doubles combination America has had since

Alexander and Hackett were in their prime, dominated Lott and Doeg so convincingly that the doubles debate is ended.

Most of America's doubles teams have been pick-up partnerships involving supremely great individuals. Tilden and Johnston, for example, did not constitute an ideal doubles pair, but together they battered down all opposition because of their superlative ability as singles players. Their success may raise doubts as to the value of smartly synchronized combination play, but it takes overwhelming genius to compensate for that smoothly dovetailed cohesion, that intimate knowledge of doubles tactics exemplified by such memorable pairs as Brooks and Wilding and the brothers Doherty.

France paid the price of too much individualism in doubles by pairing Cochet and Borotra last summer. The canny Pierre Gillou is not likely to repeat that mistake. He realizes that, in Allison and Van Ryn, America has a combination with something of the nice articulation and fluent co-operation which characterized the Dohertys of 1902-3.

Assured that our doubles destiny is in competent hands, let us size up our singles nominees from the international angle. Are Lott and Doeg sufficiently matured to shoulder the Davis Cup singles burden at Paris, assuming that America gets by Britain, Japan or Australia as the case may be? I doubt it.

George Lott remains an enigma. Frank Hunter, who has some cause to feel that he was unjustly slighted in the Chicagoan's favor at St. Cloud last summer, very generously picks Lott as Tilden's successor. "Lott has tennis genius," says Hunter. "He needs only an orthodox backhand to become the next champion of America."

Lott is now trying to remedy this glaring deficiency. He has discarded the western grip, thumb down and hand reversed, on his backhand and is learning to shift his fingers in the English manner.

No disciple of the selfsame grip for both fore and backhand shots has ever succeeded in making the latter stroke an offensive weapon. That is essentially

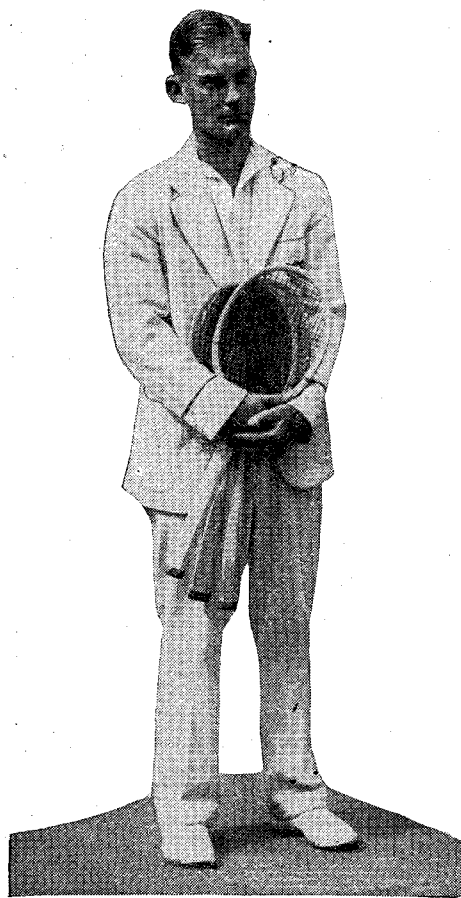
a faulty technique. To put "devil" in a backhand shot, one must shift his grip.

Granting that Lott can acquire an attacking backhand, he must also cultivate competitive poise, a fixed belief in his star, in order to stand a real chance against France's nimble-witted, grimly determined competitors.

■ To speak bluntly, Lott is not a "money player;" he hasn't been able to capitalize his potentialities when the blue chips were on the table. Writers have termed Lott "temperamental." In itself, temperament on the court is an asset rather than a liability. Most of the tennis geniuses—Larned, Tilden, Brooks, Borotra and Cochet among them—have been creatures of whim. The stolid, phlegmatic disposition is rarely compatible with artistic achievement, and tennis is an art, not an exact science.

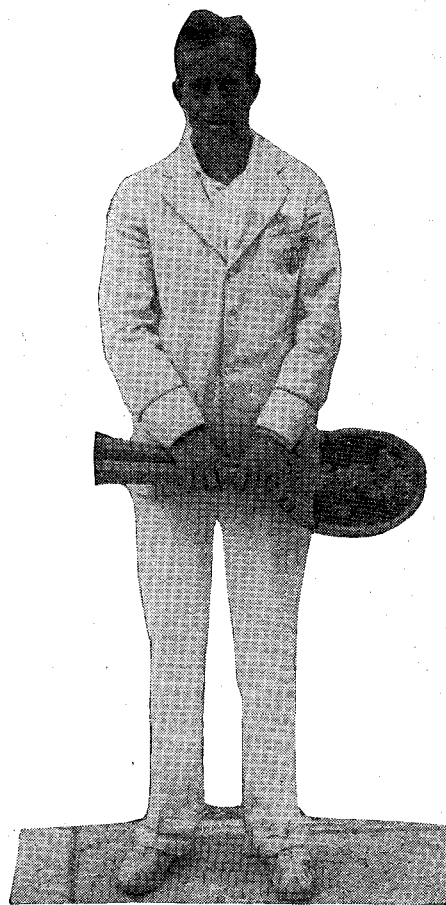
Lott may be as temperamental as he pleases if he learns to make his emotions work for rather than against him, if he can acquire that single-minded concentration on the task at hand which

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Underwood

GEORGE LOTT



Keystone

WILMER ALLISON

➤ The Fan-Slap ◀

By T. R. YBARRA

ALGIERS.

ONCE upon a time the Dey of Algiers, who proudly styled himself King of the Seas and was so accustomed to committing acts of piracy against the ships of European nations and "getting away with it" that he thought himself the peer or superior of any European ruler, went so far as to slap the representative of France with his fan.

That fan-slap—it is famous in France and Algeria as the "coup d'éventail"—made history. The French, from King Charles X down to his humblest subject, flew into a rage. A French fleet, bristling with cannon and glistening with bayonets, appeared off the Algerian coast. A French army landed. Within three weeks it had captured Algiers. The Dey, tumbled from his throne, had ample cause to rue that impulsive fan-slap.

All this happened just one hundred years ago. Since then, the French flag has never been hauled down from where it was hoisted, in July, 1830, over the citadel whence the Deys of Algiers used to scan the Mediterranean for the return of their piratical craft. Algiers, stronghold of piracy for centuries, was turned into a French provincial capital. The robbers' lair, where the author of *Don Quixote* spent five years as a slave of Moslem masters, was transformed into a place of imitation Parisian boulevards and imitation Parisian sidewalk cafés. Only the tortuous, smelly streets of its native quarter, and the Oriental costumes of its native population (obligingly suffered to remain by the French conquerors), served to remind visitors of the Algiers of blood and violence and insolence which for hundreds of years had successfully defied the nations of nearby Europe and even brought upon itself chastisement from far-away America.

During these spring months of 1930 there have been imposing celebrations, in Algiers and other cities of French Algeria, of the centenary of French rule over the land. Wandering tourists constantly encounter triumphal arches and the French tricolor festooned on all sides and they keep their guides busy telling them that it is all in honor of "le centenaire, messieurs et mesdames." Nor do the guides neglect to regale their charges with the tale of the "coup d'éventail" ("ze fan-slap, laidees and

gentlemen"). This celebration has, for France, a triple character. Through it, the French of France-in-Europe and the loyal French citizens of Algeria are honoring alike the past, the present and the future.

When their thoughts turn to yesterday, they think of those triumphal arches, all decked with the tricolor, as an homage to the French generals who avenged the "coup d'éventail;" who, after years of hard fighting, brought the doughty Abd-el-Kader to his knees and thus finished the work which the captors of the city of the Deys had begun. As the Frenchman of 1930 sees (or reads about) the centenary processions in Algeria, his bosom swells with patriotic pride and his lips murmur names like Bourmont and Bugeaud, Changarnier and Lamoricière, heroes of the conquest of Algeria in 1830 and the years that followed.

Then, turning his thoughts to the present, he contrasts the Algeria of 1930 with the Algeria of 1830.

He sees what he believes to be a model European colony in place of the land of piracy and slavery which, for centuries, maintained itself defiantly on the African shore of the Mediterranean. He sees Christians ruling benevolently over Moslems instead of Moslems cruelly oppressing Christians. He sees civilization instead of barbarism, progress instead of retrogression. All this he sees through the eyes of a citizen of the French Republic and he rejoices accordingly—blind to whatever disapproval there may be among Mohammedan Algerians who wish that the Dey still sat enthroned in the citadel of Algiers and Christian slaves were still for sale in the slave-markets of his realm.

But it is when the thoughts of Frenchmen turn tomorrow-ward that the centenary celebration of the French occupation of Algeria takes on its greatest significance.

Those natives of France who have



what may be termed the "colonial eye" look upon Algeria not merely as a French colony but as the nucleus of a vast French colonial domain of the future. Algeria, and Algiers, its capital, are set in the center of an African coastline, directly across the Mediterranean from Europe, which—from Morocco on the west to Tripoli on the east—is under French control. Behind this long coast-line, behind the barren wastes of the Sahara desert, is the great expanse of French equatorial Africa, and France's African possessions to the eastward—a limitless source of man-power and wealth.

"The future of France is in Africa" chants the chorus of Frenchmen with the "colonial eye." From the huge territory south of Morocco and Algeria and Tunis—likewise from these three lands themselves—France, they insist, can feed millions of black soldiers into her armies and millions upon millions of francs into her coffers. Upon these dusky warriors French believers in colonial expansion count for the winning of French victories in future wars; upon these riches from Africa they count for the development of French resources in future epochs of peace. And where will most of these African fighters be mobilized in case of war between France and some other nation? In Algeria. And whence will future exploiters of the wealth of French Africa draw their most valuable lessons? From Algeria. And whence will most of France's African soldiers be shipped to France in time of war and most of her African wealth in time of peace? From Algiers.

Hence the triple feeling of elation now filling the breasts of Frenchmen of the home-land and of French Algeria: 1830—victories in war; 1930—victories in peace; 2030—what sort of victories will French Algeria have brought to France when history has reached the year 2030?

That question is in many French minds today. The answer makes the eyes of many Frenchmen flash as they look upon the triumphal arches and hear the blaring brass bands of Algeria's centenary celebration. Assuming that the French tricolor continues to fly for another century over French northern Africa and the vast, mysterious territory hidden behind it, which will be the ultimate gainer—peace or war?

►► Sisters of the Hollow Leg ◀◀

By KAY KENNEDY

I WAS inordinately disappointed recently when other dries were testifying before the Judiciary Committee of the Senate. For unless I and the Congressional Record are mistaken, no mention was made of what seems to me to be one of the principal blessings of prohibition—namely, that it is teaching our women to drink.

Only a zealot would make the flat statement that all women can now drink as well as all men. Our emancipation is not yet complete. But there are many signs of progress and it is with these that I propose to deal. Feminine tippling has improved so notably that the amazed comment, "My, she can hold her liquor!" no longer is frequently heard. The implications of such a statement were insulting. That a woman can—and does—drink is now taken for granted.

Back in the pre-Volstead era, alcohol was all but monopolized by the male. The secondary entrance to every saloon was more of a gesture than a bid for increased profits. The facts were simply that, for the most part, drinking among women was confined to those of two strata—inmates of orderly palaces and inmates of disorderly houses. There was no middle ground. To confess even the mildest liking for liquor was to proclaim either social elevation or degradation.

The vice of intoxication and intemperance was not, if I am correctly informed, even envied. It had never occurred to the average woman that, if she wished, she could spend money on potables that would bring her, successively, exhilaration and a hangover. The whole truth was that she did not care for the taste of the stuff and only kept a little wine in the house for cooking or a tonic.

If there were to be any change in the feminine attitude on "spirits" it was certain that a radical development must occur. It did. By the grace of Congress and the support of more than thirty-six states a new amendment was written into that constitution which already had assured every American, regardless of sex, the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

I shall not dwell here on what has been written many times before—the spur to drinking that came from the "thou shalt not," "forbidden fruit" attitude. I am, in fact, less than positive that prohibition awakened in non-topers a desire to drink themselves unconscious. There is probably very little more arson

now than there would be if it were within the law. And polygamy is undoubtedly more popular in parts of Polynesia where it is legal than in Colorado where it is not.

Rather, the effect of prohibition on American women was to draw their attention to liquor at a particularly critical time. Having discovered during the World War that they were an economic factor and capable of financial independence and personal freedom, they were beginning to want man's playthings as well as his work. They have had them—cigarettes, the vote, golf, motors and sex "expression."

BUT IT MUST not be thought that it is only the blatantly modern woman who has taken to alcoholic beverages. The small-town matron, the ultra-conservative and respectable wife and mother is just as much a part of the new movement as her chainless sister who swaggers through the world of men and affairs in the larger cities.

Mrs. John Baxter, forty-two year old wife of a successful realtor and contented mother of John, Jr., (sixteen) and Babe (fourteen) is, let us say, to entertain the "girls" of the Community Club at a luncheon and bridge. She is particularly anxious for it to be a successful party with the club elections coming up next month. Her shopping list for the day reads something like this:

See B. about tallies and prizes
flowers for table
3 qts. gin
oranges and vermouth
coffee
order ice cream

Then, at the last minute, she remembers that she will have to borrow a bottle of John's scotch because Ella Thornton simply can't drink gin.

The cocktails—or the highballs—are as important a part of her party as the chicken salad or the bridge prizes, and are much more interesting to her guests. The "girls" enjoy a drink or two to pep them up and they giggle a little and tell a risqué story from their husband's stock until the faint glow has worn off. Women, for the first time, are drinking at their own parties where there are no men present. At first they did it because they felt it was devilish but now they like

it and expect it. The movement is well under way. At its inception, women began to drink coyly only when they were with men. Then some venturesome soul served cocktails as a prelude to a luncheon attended only by women and now the libations are an accepted part of the menu.

At bridge teas in many communities cocktails have entirely replaced orange pekoe. Such drinking is by no means confined to the "fast" crowd. The mildest little suburban wife knows enough to buy cocktail materials for her afternoon party even if it does mean that she won't be able to meet the instalment on the electric washing machine that week.

Strangely enough, it is in the smaller cities where women's drinking parties are most common. Visiting in a western community of some 50,000 souls a few months ago, I was besieged with invitations to afternoon cocktail sessions. The custom in that city was for the "girls" to foregather about five-thirty to toss off a couple of quick ones before the "boys" came home for dinner. The three dinner parties I attended were prefaced in the same way. On the whole, I rather think the husbands encouraged the practice. The monotony of the daily homecoming was pleasantly broken when they arrived to find their wives bright-eyed and gay, and prepared for the evening's amusement. Instead of being greeted at the door with a recital of the day's woes—how Jenny had burned the pie crust and had spoken back rudely when her attention was called to it, and how Junior had broken Tommy Evans' new fire-engine and Mrs. Evans had been so snippy about it on the telephone—they found flushed and smiling wives.

Of course, this sort of thing isn't a daily occurrence—but then, neither are tea or dinner parties. But the liquid refreshment seems to be an inevitable part of either. The women no longer wait for their men to arrive before they add the ice and begin to shake the mixture.

On this same trip I stopped off at an Iowa city for a few days where I earned the reputation of being just an effete easterner because I could not with any enthusiasm join the local ladies in their special drink of beer spiked with raw alcohol. These women, by the way, were the type whose conversation consisted wholly of discussion of the relative merits of their children and their husbands, colored with an occasional morsel

of scandal. Earnest, well-meaning souls all of them, but determined to flaunt their sophistication. Whether any one of them actually liked the particular brand of poison she served, I did not discover. As I have intimated, I was regarded with suspicion and found it difficult to gain their confidence.

A middle-aged friend from a small New York state town visited me recently and, in a few short days, managed to deplete the family stock considerably. Home from a day's shopping, she would sink into a comfortable chair and sigh, "Well, I certainly need something to pick me up!" And, just to prevent any misapprehension about her, I must explain that she was a charming woman, active in church and community welfare work in her home, and the mother of three successful and delightful sons. When I asked her (as politely, I hope, as the occasion allowed) just how much her fellow townswomen did drink, she was quite frank with me. In fact, she was surprised that I found anything to question.

"Of course when I was first married, we girls never thought of touching a drink, but now it's become quite the thing for the women to have cocktails or highballs with luncheons and bridges," she explained. "Some of the younger married set go a little too far, I think, but I certainly don't see anything wrong in having a drink now and then—especially when you're tired. Men have always done it."

I mentioned mildly that it was supposed to be outside the law.

"Oh, don't be silly, my dear!" was the only answer I received.

I MUST NOT give the impression that the consumption of intoxicating drinks is confined solely to the women of small towns and cities. It would be unfair to imply that the female portion



Liberty for the ladies, as suggested in Puck, 1901

of the population of New York city is behind the times and I assure you that these ladies of the metropolis are no laggards. They can hold their own with the best from Buffalo, Des Moines and Kansas City or even the champions of Topeka, Kansas, Corning, New York and Muskogee, Oklahoma. There is, for instance, a luncheon and bridge club, meeting monthly at one of the New York hotels, the membership of which consists almost entirely of suburban matrons of middle-age and over. Their parties have always been the acme of respectability but during the last few years it has become *au fait* to smuggle a flask in their handbags to the meeting. Flask is, perhaps, hardly the word for the ex-chili sauce, ex-vinegar bottles used as containers for cocktails mixed at home to give just that necessary fillip the luncheons had lacked so long. The women belonging to this club are of the type who would have been loud in their condemnation of such a thing not many years ago and it isn't hard to imagine the whilom general pulling aside of skirts on meeting a reputedly fast woman on the streets—one who, gracious me, drank cocktails and smoked cigarettes! Now the old sports draw out their cigarette cases and flasks without batting an eyelash!

It is nothing to write to the papers about these days when you see women—with or without escort—leaning on the bar of a Manhattan speakeasy or-

dering "another scotch and ginger, Tony." In the days of the saloon, such women as frequented them were segregated in a back room and even had an entrance of their own to slink in unnoticed. The speakeasy has changed all that. Women enter such places as casually as do their husband or brothers or fathers. No one notices them particularly once they are there if they behave themselves as "gentlemen" and no one is the least interested in what they're drinking or why—except possibly the bartender.

It must be taken into consideration that women's education in bibbing was greatly hampered at the outset by the quality of the liquor they were forced to swallow. They deserve no little credit for the valiant way in which they tackled the nauseous concoctions labeled "pre-war." Theirs was no easy battle, but they came through it with flying colors and proved themselves possessed of an indomitable courage and determination. At first, it is true, they adopted mixtures which were sweetened to taste as much as possible like sarsaparilla or pop. Punch preceded the cocktail era in which orange juice (commendable though it may be in dietetics) played entirely too large a part. Eventually the ladies won through to the whiskey and ginger ale (with a lemon peel) stage and at present, in this enlightened and progressive day, there are some hardy

(Please Turn to Page 117)

►► The Trend of Events ◄◄

►► Parker Rejected

REJECTING the nomination of Judge John J. Parker to the United States Supreme Court, the Senate, we believe, came to the right conclusion for wrong reasons. While some of the arguments against Judge Parker were far from strong, those in favor of him were extremely feeble. True, specific points of his opponents blunted badly under attack. The fact remains that Judge Parker lacks the outstanding experience, ability or fame which might have justified his elevation to the highest court in the land.

Five days after the death of Justice Sanford, Assistant Secretary of the Interior Dixon wrote to one of President Hoover's secretaries, saying: "I believe the naming of Judge Parker to the Supreme Court would be a major political stroke." Whether or not Mr. Hoover was influenced by this particular piece of advice, there seems no doubt that Judge Parker was named chiefly to consolidate the Republican party's election gains in the South. Thus politics crept into the case at the outset. It stayed there until the end.

Soon after Judge Parker's name had been brought before the country the attack upon him began in earnest. It was led by organizations of Negroes, who charged that as a candidate for Governor of North Carolina in 1920 he had displayed prejudice against their race, and by labor leaders, who recalled that he had upheld a "yellow dog" contract in the Red Jacket Coal Company case. The latter objection weakened when Attorney General Mitchell pointed out that Judge Parker had merely followed decisions by the United States Supreme Court. The former objection weakened with the revelation that, whatever he had been goaded into saying in a political fight, Judge Parker had shown no bias against the Negro while on the bench.

We do not know how many of the forty-one Senators who opposed Judge Parker did so in fear of the organized Negro and labor votes. Nor do we know how many of the thirty-nine who supported him did so merely to uphold the President. But political considerations of one kind or another probably influenced most of the votes that were

cast, and thus accounted for the first rejection of such a nomination in thirty-six years. If the Senate's treatment of the Hughes appointment showed the upper house at its best, its treatment of the Parker appointment showed it at its worst. The latter case was born, it developed and it died in politics. A fitting end for a sorry beginning.

►► Nominee Roberts

WHEN THE SENATE rejected Judge Parker, President Hoover substituted Owen J. Roberts. Mr. Roberts, a



Wide World

FOR SUPREME COURT

Owen J. Roberts, attorney, of Philadelphia

Philadelphia attorney and a Republican, is fifty-five years old. He has been practicing law since 1898. For twenty years he held a professorship in the University of Pennsylvania's law school. Though he has been highly successful in his profession, he did not come under the national spotlight until 1924, when, with former-Senator Atlee Pomerene, he was appointed special prosecutor for the Government in the oil cases. Enthusiasm over his conduct of the civil oil cases, in which the Government consistently won victories, must be qualified by the admission that in the criminal oil cases the Government suffered a string of defeats. Possibly this indicates that Mr. Roberts is more persuasive before intelligent judges than before catch-as-catch-can juries.

If so, it is surely nothing to his discredit.

Certain members of the Senate, it appears, shudder to recall that Mr. Roberts once delivered an address denouncing constitutional prohibition. Senatorial objections to him on this score should win him support throughout the country. Not that we take any stock in the explanation that Mr. Roberts has never discussed the merits or demerits of prohibition. It is true that in the address in question—made at New York, in 1923, before an audience of bankers—he said, "I hold no brief either for prohibition or against prohibition," and again, "I am not speaking as to whether prohibition is a good thing or a bad thing." But the fact remains that he did discuss one of prohibition's most flagrant demerits when he declared that prohibition had no place in the Constitution. He said, and he was altogether sound in saying, that "the height of all absurdities of Governmental regulation and tinkering was reached when a police statute was written into that great charter of our liberties, the Constitution of the United States. If you are going to write sumptuary statutes and police regulations into that great instrument, you have drawn it down to the level of a city ordinance."

Yet suppose Mr. Roberts did express an opinion on one of the most striking evils of prohibition—what of that? Is there an American attorney worth his salt who has no opinion on this question? Is there one of ordinary candor and courage who, unless he is fence-walking for political gain, does not give this opinion expression? If the Senate rejects Mr. Roberts for saying what thousands of lawyers believe, it will simply set up the rule that only a pusyfooter may climb from a high position in the bar to a higher one on the bench.

►► Depression

CENSUS FIGURES from New England textile centers summarize the poignant story of an ailing industry. In Massachusetts, the city of Fall River, which had 120,000 inhabitants in 1920, has 5,000 less; New Bedford, which had 121,000, has 8,000 less; Lowell, which had 112,000, has 12,000 less. Fall River was once the greatest cotton manufacturing city in the country, New

May 21, 1930

Bedford built great fine-goods plants from the profits of the whale, and the forbidding mills of Lowell—named after the Boston Lowells—supported many Back Bay houses in discreet Bostonian luxury.

Time after time New England has pondered causes of its textile industry's depression. The war boom led to unhealthy expansion. The growth of the industry in the South, with its endless hours, and starvation wages—not to speak of the exploitation of women and children—cut into New England's coarse-goods business, particularly Fall River's. Then cotton stockings became museum pieces and Yankee magnates' faces lengthened as women's dresses shortened. Came fleshly, flashy, silky rayon, ousting virtuous cotton. Overproduction, sloppy management, antiquated machinery whirring away in the twenties as it did in the pre-Ford nineties—these, too, gave New England her scars.

In Fall River, which has lost fourteen mills within the past few years, once wealthy properties have been junked for a sum that in better times might have equaled a quarterly dividend. Mills that have flooded the world with gray goods furnish storage space to second-hand cars or house wholesale grocers and small independent manufacturers. Ghostlike granite plants, sprawled over acres of land, withdraw behind dirty curtains or stare surprisedly out of broken windows. The spindles spelling taxes for the city are fewer, which means heavier tax burdens on the general public.

So in other New England textile centers. Not in all cases, of course, have modern looms been loaded on freight cars bound for the South, nor in all cases have mills been liquidated, with a few dollars squeezed out for the shareholders. Many mills are still struggling for their lives; many others are merging and hoping; still others enjoy a fat prosperity for reasons peculiar to individual plants—a special kind of product, intelligent management or reserved markets. But the tale as a whole is lugubrious. New England now admits the fact and is hard at work to offset it.

►►Poet Laureate

IRONY MARKS John Masefield's appointment as Poet Laureate of England to succeed the late Robert Bridges. The "poet of democracy, of submerged and

squalid democracy," as W. H. Hamilton terms him in his critical study, "the laureate, the mouthpiece, the champion, the propitiation for the bottom dog," is now called, theoretically, to sing the praises of State and Crown. It is, none the less, apt that a Labor government should select a poet whose acknowledged interest is "the man with too weighty a burden." Originally, says Gibbon, the poet laureate was "bound to furnish twice a year a measure of praise and verse such as may be sung . . . in the presence of the sovereign." This is true no longer. Masefield, like his predecessors of modern times, receives an honorary title and about five hundred dollars a year to



Keystone

KING'S CHOICE

John Masefield, "Poet Laureate in ordinary to his Majesty," King George.

write what, when and how he wishes. It is safe to say that he will continue as the bottom dog's champion.

Though royalties from his novels, plays and poetry have been mounting comfortably for years, Masefield has been determinedly successful in keeping his personality in the background. Those who have seen him speak of his eyes—"amazingly shy." The legend surrounding his early life is thick with color, some of it accumulated as the tales passed from one appreciative teller to another.

Born in Liverpool, fifty-five years ago, he left home as a boy to sail the seas and tramp over much of the land. He scrubbed galleys, worked in a carpet factory and a bakery and considered, successively, the careers of street-singer and doctor. New Yorkers trip over their tongues to tell you that for four months he was handy man in O'Connor's saloon—they know the very corner. Returning to London for his apprenticeship in literary hackwork, he

remained to pile up, with astonishing productivity, work which ranges from execrable to excellent, and which occupies a good four inches in the British *Who's Who*. It is said that he discovered he was a poet by reading Chaucer. He is often likened to Chaucer for his love of the open air and his gusto for English life and English scenes.

Masefield lives quietly at Boar's Hill, near Oxford, amusing himself from time to time by producing plays in the private theatre in his garden. His appointment came to him as a surprise and a pleasure. "It is delightful," he said, "to receive any honor." A teetotaler, he has no use for the tierce of canary wine which traditionally goes with the title. He will take cash—twenty-seven pounds—instead.

►►Gandhi in Prison

A MONTH AFTER the opening of his campaign of civil disobedience, Mahatma Gandhi was clapped into jail as a menace to Britain's authority in India. Drama marked his arrest as it had marked his march to the sea. At midnight a civil magistrate and lesser officials entered his camp near Jalalpur, awakening "the holy one" by flashing their electric torches at his bedside. "What is the charge?" asked Gandhi. He was told. Then, having ritually cleaned his teeth, he wrapped himself in a homespun sheet and gladly accompanied his captors, who treated him with great deference and courtesy. A train caught between stations carried him to Borivli, where a closed automobile whirled him to jail at Poona, near Bombay.

Welcomed by Gandhi, the arrest was ordered reluctantly by the British authorities. While old British residents in India had complained that the natives were interpreting Britain's leniency as a sign of imperial weakness, the government in London realized the danger of challenging the passive resistance with force directed against the Mahatma. The choice of the law under which Gandhi was apprehended revealed how delicately the problem was approached. Gandhi's chief lieutenants have been arrested, tried and jailed for the manufacture of salt. Gandhi himself, however, was arrested under a century-old ordinance which insures highly considerate treatment, though it means detention without trial at the government's pleasure.

The announcement in London that Gandhi would not be held a second longer than is necessary suggests that he may have been arrested to create a situation more favorable for the report of the commission headed by Sir John Simon, on which, with the approval of a conference in which Indians are to be represented, the government hopes to base its future policy in India. Yet if the authorities assumed that the elimination of Gandhi would mean the speedy restoration of order they were sadly disappointed. Resentment at his arrest soon flared into riots, particularly in Delhi, Calcutta and Sholapur, 220 miles southeast of Bombay, where the rioters even secured temporary control of the city. The dead were soon numbered by the scores, the wounded by the hundreds.

On the eve of his arrest, Gandhi once more disavowed any sympathy with violence, but violence, none the less, speedily became the order of the day. How long the Nationalist movement will last, now that it lacks its greatest leader, how determinedly it will be pressed, how grave its consequences will be, time alone can tell.

►► Mob Murder

IF YOU HAVE been curling a contemptuous lip at these riotous Indian Nationalists, don't. Curl it, instead, at your riotous fellow Americans in the city of Sherman, "the Athens of Texas." Take

them at their worst and it must still be said that Gandhi's followers are fighting for a lofty ideal. Take them at their best and it must still be said that the riotous citizens of Sherman were fighting for nothing more lofty than the privilege of killing a Negro.

The Negro, one George Hughes, was charged with attacking a white woman, and had fired on deputy sheriffs while resisting arrest. The fact that he had pleaded guilty and was certain to receive the maximum punishment makes the action of the mob all the more preposterous. Hughes was placed on trial on Friday, May 9. At noon, when the mob first stormed the court room, he was locked in a vault on the second floor of the county court house. Three times the mob attacked the court house and three times it was repulsed by court attendants and Texas Rangers. An effort was then made to dynamite the walls, but this failed also. Nothing daunted, the mob thereupon set fire to the court house, and Hughes, in the vault, was roasted alive.

The additional details are likewise sufficiently gruesome. One section of the mob, which now numbered hundreds, including many women, set off to attack the jail, believing that Hughes had somehow been taken there from the court room. The other section strove to recover Hughes' body from the ruins of the court house, and, with the help of dynamite and acetylene torches, succeeded. The body was taken from the

vault, thrown to the ground, pitched aboard a truck, carried to the Negro quarter, strung to a tree and burned. Just to make the job complete, the mob, which, despite the presence of National Guardsmen, by this time held control over the city, burned several Negroes' stores and houses. Its members seem to have been poor marksmen, for none of the National Guardsmen were wounded by its bullets, though some of them were beaten.

Firing on soldiers wearing the Army uniform, and committing arson as well as murder—this is coming it pretty strong even for a lynching bee. If Texas does not make an example of the ringleaders of this mob, if it follows the old southern custom of refusing to punish any one for participating in a lynching, it might just as well abandon all pretenses to civilization for another thousand years.

►► The Roadside Front

WITH SUMMER TAGGING at the heels of spring, the countryside awaits the annual battle of the open road. The fighting never ceases entirely—the first quarter of 1930 saw more than 5,500 casualties—but, like Chinese soldiers, the army of motorists tends to suspend activity during cold weather.

Now, however, the fray will soon be on in earnest. Flags fly from wayside garages and filling-stations. Refreshment stands, bright with the names of the season's soft drinks, lay in supplies of hot dogs. Inns, auto-camps and private houses prepare to billet the troops. The screeching brakes and crashing glass of battle send able-bodied citizens to the front by thousands, shouting the war-cry, "Onward! No matter where, but onward!" Always the first at scenes of carnage and distress, the Red Cross hurries after.

This is literally true. At its annual convention in Washington, the American Red Cross announced its plan for organized roadside first-aid service for persons injured by automobile accidents. If experimentation proves their worth, emergency stations will be set up along all important highways. The ambulance bell will vie with the honking horns of cars passing other cars on turns; the scent of iodoform will clash with the scent of hot asphalt.

And why not? It is often said that the automobile accident toll each year is greater than the number of Americans killed and wounded in the World



Underwood

"BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD"

The highway between Canton and Alliance, Ohio, on which this accident occurred is known as "Suicide Road"

War. Last year motor deaths set a new record with 31,000. At the present rate, the Red Cross estimates, there will be something like 400,000 deaths and 10,000,000 injuries on the highways during the next ten years. Surely, then, our much traveled roads are battlegrounds where the contest between man and what he thinks he and his machine are capable of doing in an emergency is an unequal one. And since many motorists see nothing incongruous in risking their own and their families' lives for the sake of an outing, since they see nothing incongruous in driving for relaxation along roads where the scenery is limited to billboards and the back of the car ahead, doubtless they will see nothing incongruous in hospital units dotting their highway playgrounds.

►► Air Raid, in Quotes

INHABITANTS of the eastern seaboard saw an exciting mock invasion from the air when, at the invitation of the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce and in the interests of commercial aviation, a hundred-odd planes from the Army and Navy swept up and down the coast, making great pretense of dropping bombs, shelling defenses and destroying cities. Scarcely a community was overlooked from Washington to Boston. New York, most important of all, was visited twice. Theoretically it became a shambles when scores of naval planes, flying in V formations and commanded by radio from the air, ostensibly dropped tons of explosives from river to river and from the Bronx to the Battery within a half hour's time. No anti-aircraft guns barked to spoil the fun.

Between manoeuvres over New York the naval planes made a day's excursion into New England. Entering Connecticut at Bridgeport, they left a trail of supposed havoc that ran through New London, up the Thames at Norwich, into Rhode Island at Providence, across the industrial communities surrounding Boston and finally into Boston itself. When a check-up showed three missing planes—brought down with motor trouble—the fancy of the imaginative commander promptly visioned an onslaught by an enemy. In reprisal, he made a sortie against the poor old mills of Lawrence and Lowell. Groups of about forty planes each, then scattered over the inland cities of lower New England. Nightfall found them back

in New York, where mechanics tended the planes while pilots dined at hotels, still, miraculously, intact.

On the third day the Navy planes were joined by those of the Army. Together they again dropped immaterial explosives up and down New York, flying high and swooping low to do so. Accompanied for a time by the dirigible Los Angeles and a bevy of blimps; they darted up the Hudson where the fleet lay exposed at anchor, then wheeled off for Trenton, Philadelphia,



Wide World

LITHE—AND LETHAL?

Max Schmeling, German heavyweight, in fighting pose

Baltimore, Annapolis and Washington. Saluted by the President when they set out on their invasion, they were reviewed by the Secretary of the Navy on their return and officially congratulated for their proved airworthiness. Whatever the manoeuvres demonstrated, beyond the keen publicity sense of those in charge of the National Air Show then being held in New York, only experts can tell us. If the neck-craning man in the street pondered the perils of invasion from the air, he probably did so briefly. To him the manoeuvres were less a warning than a highly stirring show.

►► Schmeling

MAX SCHMELING, German fisticuffer, has returned to the United States to contest Jack Sharkey's claims to the heavyweight championship of Great Britain, Ireland, the British Dominions Beyond the Seas and the world in general. Their debate will take place in the New York's Yankee Stadium on June 12. Connoisseurs of the manly art may think of Sharkey and Schmeling as the least bad of a poor lot of contenders, but to the average American fight fan, hungering for a champion, they are heirs to a million-dollar gate and therefore extremely impressive athletes.

Two thousand fans met Schmeling at the pier. Even critical sport writers gave him an A for condition. Lean and supple as whalebone, Max went to his Endicott, N. Y., camp weighing 190 pounds and swearing that he hadn't broken training since he beat a tattoo on Paulino Uzcudun last year. His looks do not contradict him. His dark eyes sparkle beneath bulging eyebrows, his hair is brown, crisp and wavy, his tanned cheeks are thin and shadowed under the cheek-bones. In appearance he resembles the old Jack Dempsey, from his big and knuckly hands to the button at the tip of his nose.

In demeanor he resembles Tunney. He has studied English during the last twelve months and came back without an interpreter. He talks quietly, dresses carefully and bears himself with poise and self-assurance. He brought along twenty suits, a trainer, a newspaperman, a dachshund and a packing case full of German dishes and cuckoo clocks. He also brought his preface to morals. He declared that he was a teetotaller and that all boxers should be. No beer, even. No cigarettes. He feels responsible not only for his own condition but for the boys and girls "who hang my picture on their walls." He fights, he says, "for sport first and for money after that," and admires Dempsey, who, says he, did likewise.

In short, he seems to merge our last champion with our last champion's predecessor, retaining good features of each. Every one admits not only that a heavyweight champion is an actual necessity, but that the world really feels wistful without one. Mr. Schmeling should fill Mr. Tunney's shoes to perfection, when, as, and, of course, if, he disposes of Mr. Sharkey.

►► Big Bottle-Cork Case

WETS MAY WELL REJOICE over the latest opinion in a liquor case by the United States Supreme Court. Without doubt it will broaden the now widespread revolt against prohibition.

The Supreme Court finds it illegal to offer containers, barrels, bottles, corks, etc., for sale so as purposely to attract purchasers who want them for the unlawful manufacture of intoxicants. By "manufacture" it means the whole process by which the article is made ready for sale on the open market. The opinion applies primarily to bootleg supply houses. Inevitably, however, it must also apply to retail stores selling apparatus or ingredients for the making of beer, wine or hard liquor. Inevitably, since, once the wholesalers were closed, bootleggers would promptly purchase their supplies from the retailers. Thus home brewers and home wine makers will be hard hit by the new ruling, and will doubtless express their resentment by coming out more boldly against prohibition. Thus, too, Representative Franklin Fort's widely advertised opinion—that people may make light wines "to their hearts' content"—goes swirling up in smoke.

Prohibition enforcement authorities seem inclined to interpret the Supreme Court's ruling broadly enough to apply against whoever sells liquor ingredients or apparatus to anyone who wants them for any illegal purpose. One such purpose might be the home manufacture of light wines, for, despite Representative Fort, light wines are unquestionably intoxicating in fact and their manufacture is therefore prohibited by law. Probably the Supreme Court would sustain this or almost any other reasonable application of its latest opinion, however severe. The dry laws, it intimates, must be strictly interpreted. Since the purpose of the prohibition act was to suppress the entire traffic, it says, "the act should be liberally construed to the end of this suppression." But whatever course the enforcement heads follow, life will grow harder for the man who makes his own.

Needless to say, the court's latest ruling makes many new criminals. No doubt the prohibition of liquor-making apparatus will prove as difficult to enforce as the prohibition of liquor itself. But no doubt, like the latter prohibition, the former will prove prolific in arrests, trials and prison terms. Plainly another long step has been taken toward

making our country one vast underworld and jail.

►► Drys on the Stand

IN HIS TESTIMONY before the Senate lobby committee, which at long last is investigating dry organizations, E. C. Jameson, insurance executive of New York, declared that he had given Bishop James Cannon, Jr., \$65,300 to be used in the 1928 anti-Smith campaign in Virginia. This piece of information checks with one to which the country's attention was recently drawn by Representative Tinkham of Massachusetts, whose aggressive testimony on the so-



Keystone

HOPELESSLY DRY

F. Scott McBride, General Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League

called church lobby accounts for Mr. Jameson's presence on the stand. In all, Mr. Jameson contributed \$172,000 to the cause of prohibition and the Republican party in 1928. Many of the checks contributed to Bishop Cannon were made out to the Bishop or made out to "cash" and delivered to him personally.

For some reason, which the lobby committee will presumably disclose, Bishop Cannon asked Mr. Jameson to phrase his records to read: "Paid headquarters committee anti-Smith Democrats seventeen thousand three hundred. Paid Virginia committee anti-Smith Democrats forty-eight thousand, making total sixty-five thousand three hundred." As to \$17,000 of this sum there is no question; it was spent by the anti-Smith faction of Virginia and reported

to the clerk of the House of Representatives as required by law. What use was made of, and why no report was returned on, the remaining \$48,000 will be revealed when Bishop Cannon goes before the lobby committee. He is expected to testify at the end of the quadrennial general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in which charges have been made against him involving his ventures into politics and the stock market.

Meanwhile, the lobby committee has been concentrating on the Anti-Saloon League and its general superintendent, F. Scott McBride, who declares: "The league was born of God, it has been led by Him, and we will fight on while He leads." Lacking the league's complete records, the committee did not get far during Mr. McBride's first two appearances. It did, however, learn that God was in favor of the league's spending \$273,000 in 1929; that He approves of the Jones law, of collecting information and furnishing it to those responsible for appointments, and of lobbying for prohibition, though He disapproves of the league's writing bills or of its becoming responsible for appointments, and is afraid lest large contributors to the league be annoyed by publication of their names. Such, one must infer, is the attitude of God, of Whom, says Mr. McBride, the Anti-Saloon League was born, by Whom it is led.

►► Lady Dictator

LAUNDRY OWNERS in the city of Brooklyn have selected a woman dictator to rid their business of racketeers who have been mulcting it of about \$250,000 a year. She is Mrs. Rosalie Loew Whitney, a founder of the National Women's Republican Club, one of the first women lawyers admitted to the New York bar, and to date the only woman who has ever attempted to cope with a formidable system of racketeering.

The Brooklyn system has been formidable indeed. It radiated around the very laundry association now re-organized and headed by Mrs. Whitney. Members, it is reported, deposited with the association promissory notes payable on demand. More than ninety-five per cent of the Brooklyn laundry owners joined, and each paid heavy dues, running up to \$50 a week.

Racketeers, masquerading as members of detective agencies and protective associations, forced their services

upon the laundrymen. Those who rebelled were threatened with plant destruction and personal violence. Employees were intimidated, laundry was stolen, trucks were overturned and destroyed. The laundry routes were beset by guerrillas and gunmen, the Brooklyn underworld was happy, the police and the courts were slow in furnishing protection.

Mrs. Whitney has assumed the dictatorship with all power and no pay. She has returned the promissory notes and decreased the dues to a nominal sum. She has also engaged the co-operation of police commissioner and district attorney. Defying the racketeer and hoping to raise the laundrymen's morale, she plans to improve service and lower prices. She calls her work a "crusade," the first step in the community's fight against the entire system of racketeering. Many men have set out to destroy some of that system's branches. Whether in the ice, milk, chicken or some other trade, they have met something like a stone wall. Mrs. Whitney calls it "the public's lethargy." Possibly she will succeed in overcoming it where others have failed. At any rate, she will be steadily inspired by woman's innate dislike of paying high prices for laundry.

➤➤ *Forged Art*

IF YOU HAVE masterpieces, look to their authenticity, or, better still, look at the paintings and don't delve into the matter of their authenticity at all. Recent forged art scandals have been serious enough to make the most knowing connoisseur stride uneasily among his treasures.

In Paris, Jean Charles Millet, grandson of the famous painter of the "Angelus," which is reproduced in every print-shop window and every third living-room in America, negotiated for the sale of one of his grandfather's newly-discovered canvases. It was a fine picture, valuable, though not immensely so, since the present vogue for Millet is not great. Moreover, it was authenticated by the master's signature stamp, the letters JFM, supposed to have been destroyed soon after Millet died. The trouble was, it was not genuine. Discovery of this fact led to the finding of young Millet's Millet-shop, where, in conjunction with a talented young copyist, he had turned out and sold some six hundred fraudulent paintings and engravings accepted as being the work

of his grandfather and of other masters. The fakes were painted over canvases done in the Millet period. The signature stamp was in order, and so were the family documents furnished by the painter's grandson. Business was brisk, and newly-discovered Millets found plenty of credulous and affluent purchasers.

Forgery of masterpieces is an old



Remarkable Remarks

Let us have some more shooting and head breaking, please.—MAHATMA GANDHI.

I find it difficult to loaf.—MAYOR JAMES J. WALKER.

A man ought not to be held responsible for what he says in a political speech.—SENATOR LEE S. OVERMAN.

Best of all I like to drive my little two-seater Ford.—KING ALFONSO.

Many a college man has missed advancement because he was socially a total loss.—PROFESSOR ROBERT E. ROGERS.

You don't have to buy a house and have nine children to prove you are in love. A two year marriage—with renewals possible only at great cost—might have stimulating consequences.—THEODORE DREISER.

We have come to the conclusion that the Reds are not as bad as they are rouged. You've only got to watch them on Labor and May days. Think of the people you have to watch every day in the year.—"BUGS" BAER.

The Prince would be a fine golfer; all he needs is some practice.—ROBERT T. JONES, JR.

We would all be mighty prosperous in this country; all we need is some money to practice with.—WILL ROGERS.

All poets are more or less queer.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

I wonder if it wouldn't be better if there were more jails and more people jailed.—REV. DR. HOWARD E. HAND.



story. It is impossible to estimate how large the chances are that paintings now hanging in public as well as private collections here and abroad may, in reality, be the work of copyists. The subject is one which dealers and collectors alike are chary of discussing. Museums as well as amateur collectors are victimized. Coincident with the Millet

scandal, two paintings in the Louvre in Paris, accepted as Watteaus, were found to be forgeries. In an article in the *New York World* an artist recently gave a first-hand description of a studio in Paris where Corots, Gainsboroughs, Courbets and paintings by half a dozen other masters are turned out to order, and intimated that some of these paintings at present command reverence in famous collections. He added that a German art expert who looked into the matter once reported that it would have taken Corot seven hundred years to paint all the canvases which go under his name. The amateur collector may take comfort—though cold comfort, perhaps—from the knowledge that his masterpieces are good to look at, whether genuine or not, and that connoisseurs far wiser than he are not proof against the skilful brush of the copyist.

➤➤ *In Brief*

COMMISSIONER WHALEN's annual report reveals that the New York police have maintained a close watch on places suspected of violating the dry law. The police of most large cities have discovered that this is really the only way of dealing with these places . . . Besides, a policeman maintaining a close watch on a speakeasy has such shining opportunities to demonstrate that he knows enough to go in out of the rain . . . A few indignant Southerners, we note, go so far as to believe that the mob murderers in Texas ought to be given a good talking to . . . To be a naval expert in Congress you must be able to believe that the United States would be perfectly safe against British attack if it had twenty-one cruisers bearing eight-inch guns, but that if it has eighteen cruisers bearing eight-inch guns it will be practically at Britain's mercy. . . . A Mexican newspaper, attempting to find Mexico's most prolific mother, has discovered families with thirty-two children. The plan is not, as you might suppose, to pass a law against this preposterous breeding, but to crown the selected woman "Mother Queen of Mexico." . . . Senator Robinson of Arkansas reminds Mr. Hoover of his statement to the Republican convention on June 14, 1928, that "the victory of the party will insure stability of business and employment." This in itself is enough to indicate the necessity of a society for the prevention of cruelty to Presidents.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

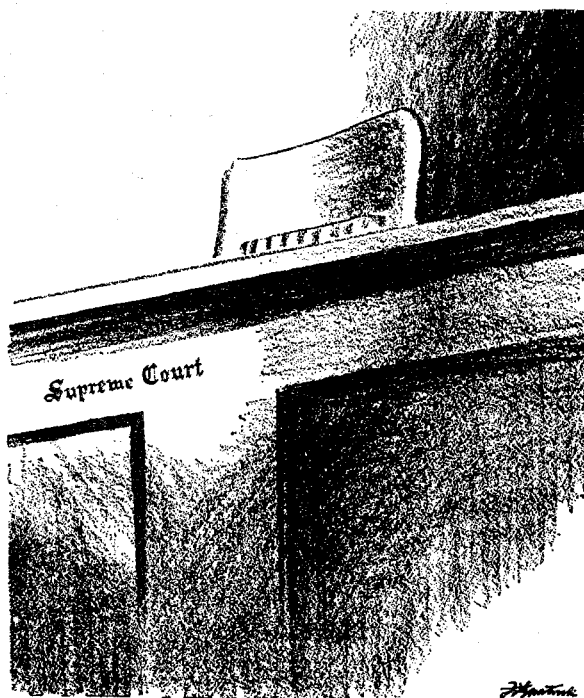
WE FIND the nomination of Owen Josephus Roberts as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court to be the most popular move among the Washington correspondents that President Hoover has made since he entered the White House. Almost to a man they threw up their hats and cheered when the legal and physical heavyweight who conducted the Doheny-Sinclair prosecution was chosen for the place the Senate withheld from Judge Parker. They immediately set to work on his behalf. Men who had mobilized their typewriters and their temperamental talents against both Charles Evans Hughes and the North Carolinian became propagandists for the Philadelphia lawyer. In the same way that they lobbied against the other two jurists, they bestirred themselves for one whom they have come to regard almost as a colleague. We saw them arguing his cause eloquently in Congressional corridors and anterooms with Senators inclined to be critical for one reason or another, and the buttons of many a senatorial toga were well wrung in these conferences between press and politicians.

The journalists, we realize, have no votes in the Senate, but nobody who watched them in action against Chief Justice Hughes and Judge Parker underestimates their influence. Washington representatives of such liberal journals as the *New York World*, the *Baltimore Sun*, the Scripps-Howard group and the *St. Louis Post Dispatch* played a large part, we are told, in solidifying Senate sentiment in the judiciary struggle. We understand it was a Scripps-Howard article detailing Mr. Hughes' corporation connections and philosophy which first attracted Senator Borah's eye, and the latter's several speeches on the floor were no more than an elaboration of the thesis therein.

The fertile minds of the press, in our opinion, furnished many ideas and strategic suggestions to the Borah-Norris group, who welcomed their reinforcements. With almost malicious glee the liberal group in the press gallery, through the columns of their newspapers, built fires under Senators reported to be wavering, and we would

not be surprised if they kept several in line. Even more important, and certainly quite as effective, we hear, were their orations in the corridors, and their hour-to-hour polls of the shifting lineup must have been a great help to the foes of the confirmation. Not since the controversy over the League of Nations has there been such a close alliance between those who make the news and those who write it, although makers and writers were indistinguishable in these instances.

We do not pretend to pass on the question of journalistic ethics involved in the newspapermen's assumption of a



Fitzpatrick in the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*

No place for political appointments

dual rôle. There is, however, absolutely no basis for Sam Blythe's *Saturday Evening Post* article to the effect that a desire for hot news on a dull day inspired the newspaper campaign against Chief Justice Hughes. We happen to know that the gallery liberals held themselves to be crusaders in a cause which, in their judgment, commanded their interest both as correspondents and as citizens.

Strangely enough, we find few, if any, of these men consider Mr. Roberts to be an economic liberal, and none sympathize with the decisions that have flowed from his pleadings before the court to which he has been named. Their liking for him is instinctive, we believe.

They got to know him intimately during the oil trials, and they lost themselves in admiration for his ability and his humanity. They think him a man possessing fine instincts, a brilliant intellect, a humane viewpoint, a fair and open mind. "He has both a heart and a head," is the way we have heard him characterized by this little group. Their close relationship with Mr. Roberts is not accidental, since it was the more progressive newspapers which gave most attention to the oil trials.

A fine friendship developed between these reporters and the new nominee. Before and after each court session, and at recess time, the newspapermen fraternized with the government counsel. They ate with him each noon in a dingy, basement lunchroom near the courthouse, and his frank and friendly manner encouraged them to make him their confidant as he made them his. Around the bare, wooden tables they lingered, and in the smoke of his favorite pipe they talked of politics, people, poetry, philosophy, religion, government, baseball, the law and journalism; they spoke of oil barons, Cabinet ministers, Presidents, and their policies good and bad. In these contacts, we are informed, he revealed himself to be a man of progressive sympathies and deep understanding—a truly different and refreshing figure.

Whatever the reason, the correspondents who wrote columns and talked volumes in denunciation of the Hughes and Parker appointments have, we learn, showered congratulations on Mr. Roberts, and, more often than not, they will be as strong for him as they are for Justices Holmes, Brandeis and Stone, hoping, of course, that their hero will honor their hero worship.

Most of the press feel the same way, although no more than six permitted their feelings to be reflected in action "beyond the call of duty." Indeed, were it not for the fact that the Lobby Committee stood four-to-one with the correspondents in the Hughes fight, and five-to-one in the Parker shindig, we would not be in the least surprised if these exuberant gentlemen of the press were made the subjects—or objects—of a senatorial investigation. And what a commotion that would cause, my masters!

A. F. C.

>>> The Stream of Business <<<

>>> Simplifying G. M. Finances

ON MAY 26 the stockholders of General Motors Corporation will meet to vote on the directors' proposal of a new issue of 5 per cent preferred stock, the proceeds to be used in refunding 1,355,738 shares of 7 per cent preferred, 14,105 of 6 per cent preferred, and 19,317 of 6 per cent debentures.

General Motors is now one of the "Big Four" of American business enterprises. At the beginning of 1930 its current and working assets aggregated \$368,961,000. Its current liabilities were \$117,673,000, leaving a snug net working capital of \$251,288,000. Surplus is comfortably close to the four-hundred-million mark.

On account of recent developments in the field of amusement enterprises the word "re-financing" has, at the moment, a rather unpleasant connotation. It is safe to say, however, that the General Motors project will go far toward fumigating and rehabilitating the term. The genius which has brought the organization up to its present ranking position shows, on analysis, equal parts of financial sense, manufacturing resourcefulness and selling power. If anything is sure in this uncertain world, it is that the plan for revising the capital structure of General Motors will go through without a hitch and will save the treasury of the organization upwards of \$350,000 a year in dividend payments.

>>> Give the Rails a Hand

IN SPITE OF all the bumps the railroads have received in the form of competition and regulation, they have managed to keep the efficiency curve moving steadily upward for the past eight years. It seems about time for some one to climb up on the platform and say a kind word for them. We accept the nomination.

If the Bureau of Railway Economics has done its figuring correctly, the railroads of the United States are 25 per cent more efficient in 1930 than they were in 1922. The index used is a composite of thirteen distinct factors of railway performance, including locomotive speed, train loading, car movements, fuel utilization and physical condition of equipment.

By FRANK A. FALL

As everybody knows, the automobile has cut deeply into railroad revenue for both freight and passenger traffic. As if that were not enough, enter, smilingly,

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100)
May 10—89.0. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) May 10—80.6.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended April 26—907,174 cars (increase of 14,298 over preceding week; reduction of 144,104 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended May 3—76.5% of capacity (reduction of 1% under preceding week and of 21.5% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended May 3—daily average gross 2,595,200 barrels (increase of 5,100 over preceding week; reduction of 34,650 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended May 3—1,099,000 bushels (increase of 45,000 over preceding week; reduction of 895,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended May 8—\$12,731,775,000 (increase of 7.3% over preceding week and of 4.9% over same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended May 8—525 (increase of 53 over preceding week and of 97 over same week of 1929).

the airplane. The ether hums with new, keen and subsidized competition. When the rails do manage to make a little money, the tax-collector comes along, takes it away from them and uses it for building highways so that the auto-truck lines may compete more effectively with the steam carriers. It would be funny if it were not tragic. In view of the showing the rails are making in spite of many lions in the path, they appear to be entitled to a high rating for courage as well as for efficiency.

>>> The Mole in Business

BEFORE THE Yale Institute of Human Relations, co-operating with Judge William Clark of the United States District Court of New Jersey, staged the Newark bankruptcy clinic, it was generally believed that the big annual crop of failures among the smaller merchants of the country was due to business astigmatism. It now appears that the affliction was little short of complete blindness.

The clinicians studied bankruptcy cases involving twenty-four retailers,

thirteen builders, twelve wage-earners and six small manufacturers. Of the retailers, ten sold food, eight clothing, and two drugs, if the things which are now sold in drug stores can be called drugs. After several months of work the investigators discovered four important characteristics of the bankrupt: he is ignorant; he keeps no books; he pays too much rent; and he buys on credit far more than he can turn over at a profit.

Only two of these insolvent debtors had been through high school and most of them did not complete even a grammar school education. If this clinic does nothing more than bring out the direct relation of bankruptcy to ignorance it will have been well worth while. It is likely, however, to go much further and point the way to measures which will make it difficult, if not impossible, for the mole in his blindness to go into business for himself.

>>> Servicing the Consumer

WITH DISTRIBUTION methods changing overnight, if not every night, there is a clear field for a restatement of the best methods of getting goods into the hands of the ultimate consumer. Dr. Norris A. Brisco of New York University presents his solution of the problem in *Principles of Retailing* (Prentice-Hall \$5.00).

Sharing the title-page with Dr. Brisco are six collaborators whose achievements in the retail field are widely known and highly valued: Eugene Beaupré, James J. Doran, Justin H. Edgerton, Conrad Schenckman, Myron S. Silbert, and William Thomas. All of these, with the exception of Mr Silbert, are or have been connected with the New York University School of Retailing, of which Dr. Brisco is the Director.

This survey of the retailing field covers fully such problems as location, layout and equipment; store organization; customer demand; ordering, receiving and marking merchandise; invoice procedure, mark-up and mark-down; stock control; merchandise plans; expense distribution and control; sales promotion; store service; credits and collections; personnel; and the legal aspects of merchandising. This survey is complete, useful and illuminating and fills a real want in literature on the subject of retailing.

➤➤ Stock-Mindedness ◀◀

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

THAT the events of last October and November did not destroy the appetite of the American people for stocks was amply demonstrated in the months that followed. Hardly had the tumult of Wall Street's last crisis subsided before market commentators were predicting that the amateur traders with a cry of "Never again!" would gather up what they had saved from the wreckage of their margin accounts and seek a safe haven in bonds. This forecast proved to be wrong. For three months the bond market showed no signs of the predicted activity. In March it finally became buoyant, but this burst of strength was brief, and in April bond prices sagged a bit from the best levels of the preceding month.

Meantime, interest in stocks revived on a great scale. The New York Stock Exchange again enjoyed some 5,000,000-share days, and the familiar market averages by the middle of April had advanced thirty to forty per cent above their low levels of last autumn. There were three major influences behind this upturn. First, there was the general expectation that business during the first quarter of 1930 would show a substantial improvement over the last quarter of 1929, and there was the usual attempt in the stock market to anticipate this improvement. Second, money remained cheap, and this was conducive to large-scale operations. Third, there was the indisputable fact that the investing public was still stock-minded in spite of its recent experiences.

Evidence of this persistent stock-mindedness appeared early this year when many of the leading corporations reported a large increase in the number of their stockholders. This may have been due in part to the fact that after the big break in the stock market many investors took up the securities which remained to their account with brokers, and for which they could pay in full, and put them away in their own safe-deposit boxes. The transfer of recorded ownership from brokers to their clients would of course increase the number of stockholders. But this is only a partial explanation of what seems to have been taking place. Odd-lot buying; that is, the purchase of stocks in less than the standard trading unit of one hundred shares, is reported to have been unusually heavy during the first quarter of this year. Such buying is usually for

investment rather than for speculation.

Rightly or wrongly, the investing public decided that the stock market after the turn of the year offered many bargains. It is now evident also that in spite of losses incurred during the autumn break there still remained a great reserve of buying power among investors as a class. The latest data of Federal income-tax payments support this conclusion. Notwithstanding the reduction made in this year's tax rate, individual tax payments during the first quarter of 1930 were only \$40,000,000 less than in the corresponding months of 1929. There were market losses to be deducted from many incomes, to be sure, and some who usually pay heavy taxes will not pay any income tax at all this year. On the other hand, there were enormous profits accruing to many traders during the first months of 1929, and the tax returns seem to indicate that these profits may have about balanced the later losses.

In consequence, a vast amount of buying power was still available for the purchase of securities, and the results were registered in a rise in stock prices. Even if the investor had suffered heavily during last October and November, he had at least enjoyed for a time the thrill of a profit on paper, and he has since felt the urge to try again and perhaps recoup his previous losses. He has been exemplifying the French proverb that appetite comes with eating.

All this may be interesting, but it does not explain why and how the American people first began to grow stock-minded. That is a development of the last four or five years. From 1921 to 1925 the average investor had a keen appetite for bonds; bond prices moved steadily higher, and bond houses often found it difficult to supply their customers' demands. New bond issues multiplied so rapidly that some business observers began to express the fear that the growing volume of fixed charges would prove an element of weakness in the corporate financial structure. Then people began to grow stock-minded, and shares soon took first place among the new corporate issues.

American investors were won over to stocks by a series of able arguments. The change in sentiment began with

the publication of some exceedingly interesting data showing how much greater returns had been obtained in past years from high-grade stocks than from high-grade bonds. It was further pointed out that in a period of rising prices the bondholder's income would decline in purchasing power, and as money rates tended to rise in such a period the market value of the bonds themselves would also decline. What was prosperity for the country as a whole, therefore, might prove to be adversity for the investor in bonds.

If an investor, however, had bought stocks instead of bonds a period of rising prices would mean increased dividends and the enhancement of the market value of his shares, and he would then participate in the prosperity of the country. The champions of stocks also pointed to the growing efficiency of business organization and management, to the new inventions, to the great increase in per capita purchasing power and the higher standards of living, all of which, they maintained, would multiply corporate earnings over and over again in coming years.

THESE ARGUMENTS, supported by a mass of statistical data, increased the interest of an intelligent class of investors in stocks. The stimulus which their buying gave to stock prices attracted others who bought merely because they noted that stocks were going up. The more that stocks rose the greater became the number of buyers, and the buying which at first was intelligent and selective at last degenerated into a country-wide speculative mania.

The reaction which finally came did not destroy the public's preference for stocks. How long this preference will last is now an important question. It will certainly last so long as stocks hold out the prospect of a better long-term yield than bonds. Yet it is to be remembered that every new advance in stock prices reduces the odds in favor of stock-yields, and brings nearer the day when the bond market will again offer many attractions. At prices which prevailed in the stock market during April and part of May stocks appeared to be discounting economic progress far in the future. The continuance of stock-mindedness will depend on the extent to which these expectations are realized.

►► The Leisure Arts ◄◄

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

America: Manifest Destiny

NO COUNTRY is without honor save from its own prophets. From the beginning of recorded time, the genius has found his native heath a rather thorny place on which to operate. He may have been able to produce, but the autochthones have not been exactly "sold on his stuff." The world's spiritual creators have therefore not infrequently been at violent odds, either actively or passively, with the lands that gave them birth.

Horace found Rome acceptable as a place to die in but he preferred to live out in the hills of his Sabine farm. Dante was exiled. Walter von der Vogelweide, the Heine of the Middle Ages, wrote his lyrics on the meanness of the men he knew at home. Goethe fled from lovely Thuringia to Italy in order to avoid a complete collapse. Tolstoy ended his career with a national apostasy. Pierre Loti's works are so many studies in exoticism. Georg Brandes was sociable in every country except his native Denmark. Franz Grillparzer, a dramatist so great that we have none to compare with him, spent his ripest decades in abysmal silence merely because he found Austria too dumb to love him. Great cemeteries everywhere are dotted with the graves of the foreign born.

It is consequently a trifle surprising that a man of Mr. Matthew Josephson's stature should write such a book as his *Portrait of the Artist as American* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00), dealing with the dislocated lives of Henry James, Whistler, Henry Adams, Ambrose

Beirce, Lafcadio Hearn, Stephen Crane, and a few others "who stayed," including Emily Dickinson, who never had it one whit harder here than her German double, Annette von Droste-Hülshoff (1797-1848), had it in Germany. The thesis of the book is that in the United States from 1850 to 1900 the only thing

for a self-respecting man of genius to do was to go to Europe where there is freedom, where men can live the good life, where genius is appreciated, where there are phenomena possible of artistic capture. And the implication of the book is that that condition still obtains.

What are the facts? Genius, provided it is not embodied in a crackpot, has always had just as much of a chance in the United States as anywhere else in the world; and it always will. Mr.



Josephson overlooks the sober truth that the course of true genius never did run smooth. The French are right: they coined the expression *malheur d'être poète*. There is always a tragedy in being chosen; it is fatal to be among the elect.

Bertel Thorwaldsen, the greatest sculptor born north of the Alps, could not get along with his compatriots in Copenhagen; he did his best work in Rome. Richard Wagner wrote, under duress, his greatest music while outside

the boundaries of his native Germany.

In the last two chapters, Mr. Josephson shows an inclination, very slight to be sure, to admit that not everything over in Europe is now or ever has been quite as roseate as our expatriated artists might lead us to infer. So far as the present is concerned he is quite unfair

to the United States. He bemoans, by way of illustration, the fact that there was once a time but is no more when Walt Whitman could gallop naked through the surf on Long Island. If he will go out there now he will find, on any given day, a million people virtually if not virtuously naked taking the cure in the same waters.

Mr. Josephson is particularly concerned over the expression "manifest destiny" that followed in the wake of the Civil War. Let us see. Arthur Schnitzler, age 58, born, educated, and never for any length of time outside of merry and artistic Vienna, has the word *Schicksalsnotwendigkeit* running throughout his entire output. The best translation conceivable for that long word is "manifest destiny."

Moreover, there are at present in the United States two standard editions of Schnitzler's stories and plays now being used in our schools and colleges, whereas the Austrian Minister of Education has not yet seen fit to allow their use in the schools of Vienna on the blue Danube.

A preacher dare not preach what he thinks in any one of the three Scandinavian countries, a teacher cannot teach what he wants to teach in France, a man cannot say what he wants to say in Germany, and in Russia seeing, feeling, hearing, tasting, and smelling have been done at one's own peril from the time of the first Czar to that of the last Commisariat.

Mr. Josephson's book belongs to the library created by the school of Van Wyck Brooks, Thomas Beer, Mark Sullivan, Joseph Wood Krutch, Stuart Chase, Walter Lippman, and Walter B. Pitkin. Each of these latterly came forth with a volume that became, in each case, a seasonal best seller. The thesis of each is or was about the same: Spiritually, this is a drab land, and it is headed for even more glaring drabness. There is admittedly much that is wrong over here. Politics were never less reassuring, our colleges graduate in some instances young men and women who can neither read nor write, and the Protestant Church is scouting around for a new program, a new catchword. But the trouble is not with our artists; it lies



Two of Paul S. Clowes' drawings for "The Last Rustler: The Autobiography of Lee Sage" (Little, Brown)

elsewhere. It is therefore hard to see why (it seems so illogical) all of these men should pick on the American bathtub. What has it done? Mr. Josephson leaves one under the impression that were it not for our bathtubs, Ambrose Beirce might not have been, in his own words, a nihilist, a polemicist, a gambler, a drunkard, and a man "who had killed men." And yet he pities Beirce for the way he "did suffer" in this country where there is a shortage of freedom. Well, our troubles cannot be charged up to the bathtub; and yet it has been the absence of them in Paris that has made Paris the leader in the making of perfumes: something had to be done.

Mr. Josephson's book is well written. There is a tart brilliancy about it that is highly refreshing. It is informative too. And if you delete from the title "as American" and then make such internal modifications as will be necessitated by this deletion, it is a thoroughly good book. But as it stands it is unfair to this country. Take the matter of symphony orchestra conductors. With the unique exception of Henry Hadley, we have never produced even a third-rate conductor—and Hadley is wholly European. Have we imported all of our conductors? No; a great many have voluntarily come to this country to the end that they might have greater freedom in the working out of their genius as artists.

All books of this sort are useful, if intelligently read. But this entire American school of critical warners seems unmindful of their woeful lack of originality. The whole business of seeing no good thing in native contemporaneity is as old as the hills and almost as old as the tide of the sea. One year quite early in A.D., John the Baptist mounted his pulpit, rose soon to heights of unctuous emotionalism, looked out over his congregation and exclaimed: "Oh ye generation of vipers!" Sitting in one of the pews that day was Jesus, later to become, as a result of manifest destiny, the Christ. How much He dropped in the collection that morning is not recorded; but the Cathedral of St. John the Divine will soon be finished.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

The Week's Reading

IN THE MIDST of translations from the French and German, it is a pleasant change to be offered an Italian novel. *Poor Nigger* by Orio Verani (translated by W. W. Hobson: Bobbs Merrill \$2.50)

is based on the life of Battling Siki, the Senegalese prize-fighter. This poor nigger is neither from the deep South nor from Harlem. He begins his life as a naked little primitive, hanging adoringly around the soldiers in a Foreign Legion outpost in Africa. With one of his heroes, he makes his way to a mean coast village, where in bar room fights he learns to fear the whites, and in the kindness of an old French woman, continues to love them. In Marseilles, where his protectress takes him and where she loses him, chance makes him a cheap



THE LUNATIC

From a woodcut by Gordon Craig in "Woodcuts and Some Words" (Dutton)

touring prize-fighter. A particularly beastly betrayal at the hands of a white woman disillusioned him; but only vaguely for he is too stupid, too brutish to speculate on fate. It is a dangerous spur to the black boy. He becomes famous and eventually challenges the World Champion. He was supposed to lose his fight, but won it. And thereafter, for those destined to defeat must never be victorious, his downfall is quick and sharp. In the slums of New York, the defiant savage salutes his own gods with his death cry. There is sorry contrast between the innocent dumbness of the black brute, lost in the mazes of a social structure more confounding, more mysterious and more terrible than his native forests, and the cynical exploita-

tion to which he is subjected. The actual story of *Poor Nigger* would probably have been more moving if it had been told in five thousand simple words. The end, especially, fails to stir the reader as it should. The highly talented Italian author is enamored of the romantic possibilities of his story, and taps a flowing well of poetic feeling and imagination. His style is typically Latin. Metaphors and similes, hortatory passages and philosophical interpolations jostle one another on their run from his brain to his hand. Nevertheless, the novel is dramatic, and intensely so. Its strong characterizations are set against rich, vivid backgrounds, and its melodrama is handled with warm sincerity.

Australia, becoming well known territory to novel readers, is the scene of *Tharlane* by Dorothy Cottrell (Houghton, Mifflin \$2.50). The book may be called a novel, for it has to do with one locality and one group of characters, centering, in fact, in the labors of one particular man in one particular place, Tharlane. But it has more of the episodic short-story character. It might be said to represent the story in its purest and simplest form, the tale told by one man to another and by that man to a group, and so on until it becomes part of the folklore of a new land and is eventually set down in print by an author steeped in the country and in love with its romantic aspects. The tales and characters are such as are found among the pioneers in all newly opened lands. They are marked especially by sturdy humor and unabashed sentiment. Madness and cruelty, pathetic devotion, hearty debauchery and idyllic love, fortitude and determination mingle in their incidents. Old H. B., the huge roughneck, lured by the fierce unconquered land of Tharlane, conquering it after heroic effort and conquered by it at last, belongs among the common but always stirring types of all pioneer stories. Except for an over-lavish use of adjectives in her descriptive passages, Dorothy Cottrell has a dramatic style well adapted to her subject, and her book should give much pleasure.

In *Unknown Lands*, V. Blasco Ibanez attempted with only moderate success to make a novel out of the story of Columbus. In *The Knight of the Virgin*, he carries on the story of the conquest of New Spain, using as his hero Don Alonso de Odjeda who loved virgin land, a virgin lady in Spain and the Virgin Queen of Heaven. Ibanez calls Don Alonso the first of the conquistadores.

He accompanied Columbus on his second voyage and became a great figure in the colonial conquest and rule. Don Alonso's story is told through the experiences and observations of Cuevos, one of his devoted followers who settles with his wife in San Domingo, and whose child is an American. Cuevos witnesses the downfall of the aged and half-mad Columbus, the rule of Bobadilla, and the career of Odjeda to its pathetic end. He knows by hearsay of the exploits, further south, of Cortez and Pizarro. And he is the uncritical witness and the faithful recorder of the deceits and cruelties practiced by the Spaniards upon the unhappy natives. There is a great deal of color in the book and one feels its firm historical foundation. But the narrative drags and gives the impression that the author was more determined to write it than inspired by it.

There are six good summer-reading short stories in *A Storm at the Cross Roads* by Tristram Tupper (Lippincott \$2.50). Pleasantly romantic, competently written, they make no demands upon the reader's imagination, set him no tedious problems to solve, tease him with no tricks of style (neither delight him by any of its beauties), and hold his interest steadily through the hour or so that it takes to read them. Love and the fighting spirit are Mr. Tupper's favorite themes, and since they are themes perennially engaging, his stories should be successful and widely enjoyed. —F. L. R.

William R. Gillis, author of *Gold-rush Days with Mark Twain* (A & C. Boni, \$4.) died at the age of ninety soon after the book was finished. He knew Mark Twain when Mark shared a cabin with Jim Gillis (brother of William) on Jackass Hill, Angel's Camp, described in Mark's *Roughing It*. There it was that Mark picked up the legend that was the basis of his *Jumping Frog*. Bill Gillis, who was an educated man, worked with Mark Twain on the Virginia City *Enterprise*.

It cannot be said that the book adds much to our knowledge of Mark. He seems to have been pretty callow at the time. There was an immense amount of practical joking going on; and, according to Mr. Gillis, Mark was irascible whenever he was the victim. A duel between Mark and a compositor actually grew out of silly spoofing. Gillis maintains that it took place, although it has been denied. It was one of those fake affairs in which the seconds saw that there were no bullets in the revolvers, but apparently both duellists were perfectly serious. Twain's enemy was in fact "wounded" by a wadding carelessly left in Mark's pistol.

"A Most Notable American"



JOHNSON OF THE MOHAWKS

A Biography by ARTHUR POUND

In Collaboration with Richard E. Day

Among pre-Revolutionary figures Sir William Johnson stands out as one of the remarkable men of his day. Coming to America as an Irish immigrant, he became a frontier trader, bought his first wife and later married two Indian maids, became a Mohawk war chief, was made a baronet, and amassed the largest fortune of his time. He was an empire builder and his work in opening the way to the west was vital to the spread of colonization along the Mohawk trail. His curious and exciting life is spread on these pages with unusual distinction. Illustrated \$5.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

NEW YORK

Apart from the Twain reminiscences, the book has pictorial value as showing the rough old times. Perhaps it comes closer to actuality than the highly romantic and artfully fictionized tales of Bret Harte and others. The life was coarse as well as rough. If one had to live it now, one would like it deodorized a bit. Yet, surprisingly, Mr. Gillis tells of a small mining town in the old days, having a Literary Society of 300 members and possessing a library of 1,000 books.

The Story of San Michele by Axel Munthe (Dutton \$6.), which was published last fall, and received, at that time, too late for review in these pages, has found its way onto the list of Most Discussed Books. There are at least three reasons why it should have given pleasure to so many readers. First, Dr. Munthe is a born story teller; he marshals and presents his facts with all the allure of fiction, and thus fascinates, thrills and amuses. In the second place,

his imagination is lively and he is not loath to give it scope. Even when he is mystical, he is vivid. If, among the Lapps, he gets glimpses of weird creatures out of ancient folklore, or if, on his beloved Capri, he seems to be living, at times, in the days of Tiberius, we follow him with amazement, but still enjoy him. What is the use of imagination if not to embellish? But mainly we like this highly original autobiography of Dr. Munthe's because so many things have happened to the author. Dr. Munthe has been and is a distinguished physician, (since the book was written he has been summoned from a distance to attend the Queen of Sweden, his native country); he was the associate of Charcot and knew Pasteur; his experiences in psychopathic and mental cases have been extraordinary—indeed he laughed some of his duchesses out of their troubles. He did splendid work at Naples during a cholera epidemic, and at Messina after the earthquake. He loved dogs better than he loved most of his patients, and he made a bird refuge out of Capri. Out of these and other experiences in the course of his interesting life he has drawn dozens of queer, comic and tragic stories, and he tells them with a gusto that is irresistible. —R. D. T.

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf

For Week-End Reading

Detective: *The India Rubber Men*, by Edgar Wallace; Crime Club.
Novel: *She Knew She Was Right*, by Jesse Lynch Williams; Scribner's.
Biography: *Rutherford B. Hayes*, by H. J. Eckenrode; Dodd, Mead.
Miscellaneous: *The Old Love and the New*, by Willard Waller; Liveright.

In the Spring Yale Review

ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED

Will Europe Be Americanized?

✠

H. M. TOMLINSON

War Books

✠

RICHARD ALDINGTON

Inscriptions

✠

C. F. ANDREWS

Gandhi and Indian Reforms

✠

MANUEL KOMROFF

A Red Coat for Night. A Story

✠

ANDRÉ GIDE

Henry James

✠

Articles, Stories, Poems

Although The Yale Review carries the title "A National Quarterly", the contributors in this characteristic issue include two world-famous Frenchmen, Siegfried and Gide, one of the leading German scientists Wolfgang Köhler, and three Englishmen, H. M. Tomlinson, R. H. Mottram, C. F. Andrews, beside the American writers.

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As an introductory offer we shall be very glad to enter your subscription for six months (two issues) for one dollar in the belief that you will want to continue as a regular subscriber. The newsstand price is \$1.00 a copy.

Behind the Blurbs

A WRITER IN *The Publishers' Weekly*, having learned from reading Dr. Laird's *Sleep* that reading in bed is not, as many people believe, harmful, suggests that this fact should be given wide publicity by publishers and booksellers, since a recognition of it will induce many more people to read in bed, will increase the available hours for reading, and thus more books will be bought. But in our opinion this gentleman's psychology is all wrong. In the first place, reading in bed is a pretty general habit anyway, and to proclaim it harmless would take away one of its chief attractions. To addicts, it is a mild form of dissipation. The bank president, propped up on his pillows, the light over his shoulder, deep in the last Edgar Wallace, is suffused with a warm mellow glow that is the consciousness of sin. Tell this man that the practice is hygienic, and he'll heave the book at you, turn out the light, and go grumpily to sleep. How many people would drink bootleg whiskey if it was good for them? We mistrust the person who has moral or hygienic sanction for everything he does, although we're getting great on that in America nowadays. As long as we do joyfully things that are bad for us, there's hope for us. But when we become thoroughly civilized and live by rule, we'll be a nation of monsters. ✠ ✠ ✠ "The major vices and sore spots of this life are attributable to men," said Dr. Lorine Pruette in a lecture the other day, and added: "they are fast turning into a race of parasites." Well, the whole human race, we understand, is practically parasitic on this planet. Why pick on the men? ✠ ✠ ✠ The Catholic Book Club's May selection is John Gibbons' *Tramping to Lourdes*. ✠ ✠ ✠ Boni's Paper Books are now available in a cloth binding designed by Rockwell Kent, at \$1.50. ✠ ✠ ✠ Cass, the insufferable hero of Don Marquis' *Off the Arm*¹, "was one of those Americans living abroad who have not yet made up their minds whether they are to be born again as French or English. He had a French beard and he had an English accent." And he talked, endlessly, and bullied and looked down on his pretty, slangy ex-waitress wife, Sally, who finally left him. Cass wrote a fine novel, went to

Hollywood, but Hollywood was not impressed, and Cass grew shabbier and shabbier, but still continued to talk. And as he went down in the world, Sally went up. What happened when they came together again with the positions reversed is built up to an immensely entertaining climax, the ironic implications of which should be pondered by those whose chief occupation it is to demolish with loud blasts of talk the artistic achievements of the past. ✠ ✠ ✠ An amazing number of facts have been gathered in *Mrs. Grundy*², "a history of four centuries of morals intended to illuminate present problems in great Britain and the United States," but although it is in some respects a valuable book, and interesting, it does little in the way of general interpretation. It tells how people held certain ideas at various times, but it doesn't tell why they held them. Perhaps it is not fair to quarrel with a book because it does not take up considerations which are outside its scope. At least it contains a mass of material that is not elsewhere available under one cover. And the illustrations are many and illuminating. ✠ ✠ ✠ Pierre Benoit's *Axelle*³ is the story of a French prisoner of war in a German prison camp, and his love for the ward of a retired Prussian general to whose dilapidated castle near the camp he is sent to do some work. We are grateful for the restraint with which the author treats an old theme—the struggle between love of an enemy and loyalty to the Fatherland; and for the direct style which makes the simple story readable in one sitting. The unnamed translator has done an excellent job. It is too bad that so many of the German words are so quaintly misspelled. ✠ ✠ ✠ Roxy used to be a bartender, and when Rudy Vallée's temper is aroused he screams like a woman. If you seize upon such facts about popular figures with avidity, go ahead and read *Times Square Tintypes*⁴ which catalogs the grotesqueries of some forty-odd Broadwayites. A gold mine for you if you aspire to be knowing. We don't know why some of these How-to-be-the-life-of-the-party-in-ten-lessons boys don't take it up. "They listened spellbound when I said: 'Ja know that Al Woods sleeps with the lights on? Yeah, an' George Cohan takes three baths a day.'" ✠ ✠ ✠ *Two Hundred Years of Charleston Cooking*⁵ is a book of recipes gathered from the scrapbooks of old Charleston families, and then necessarily (since many of them were very sketchy and ambiguous) tested out in the kitchen of the N. Y.

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The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, New York; SCRANTONS, INC., Rochester; KORNER & WOOD, Cleveland; SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, St. Louis; KENDRICK BELLAMY Co., Denver; TEOLIN PILOT Co., Houston; PAUL ELDER & Co., San Francisco; NORMAN REMINGTON Co., Baltimore; EMERY BIRD THAYER, Kansas City; MILLER'S BOOK STORE, Atlanta; BULLOCK'S, Los Angeles; STEWART KIDD, Cincinnati; J. K. GILL, Co., Portland, Oregon; JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia; THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., Boston, Massachusetts.

Fiction

Cimarron, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran—Picturesque tale of Oklahoma. Reviewed April 9.
Rogue Herries, by Hugh Walpole: Doubleday, Doran. A delightful romantic novel, enriched by good characterizations and an ample, vivid eighteenth century setting. Reviewed April 23.

The Door, by Mary Roberts Rinehart: Farrar and Rinehart. An ingenious mystery story with a startling denouement. Reviewed April 2nd.

What Happened to Forester, by E. P. Oppenheim: Little, Brown. Ten episodes in the life of an Englishman with a sense of humor and a taste for adventure. Reviewed May 7.

The Selbys, by Anne Green: Dutton. An American couple and their southern niece in Paris provide gay and witty light reading. Reviewed April 16.

Non-Fiction

Grandeur and Misery of Victory, by Georges Clemenceau: Harcourt, Brace. The last broadside of a great journalist-statesman. Reviewed April 23.

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Reviewed in this issue.

Toward Civilization, a symposium edited by Charles Beard: Longmans. The engineers have their day in court. Reviewed April 30 and May 14.

Byron, by Andre Maurois: Appleton. A brilliant biography of the self-made tragic hero. Reviewed March 26.

The Strange Death of President Harding, by May D. Thacker: Guild Publishing Co. Will not be reviewed in these pages.



Magazine Articles Recommended

The Match for The America's Cup, by W. P. Stephens. The Sportsman, May.

Published as an elaborate and finely illustrated miniature magazine, inserted in the body of the current Sportsman, this article gives complete information concerning the historic yachting trophy for which Sir Thomas Lipton, world famous tea merchant, has challenged five times. The author, veteran sailing man and writer for fifty years, tells of the keen competition which will precede the selection of an American defender. As a sporting event the America Cup Races have always aroused country wide interest. They come this year as a climax to a remarkable season of international contests.

Britain in India, by Mahatma Gandhi. Reprinted from Young India. Living Age, May 1.

As the world is well aware, Mahatma Gandhi's famous program of civil disobedience is bringing about the violence he hoped to avoid. His article, in the form of a letter to Viceroy Irwin, presents the case against the British government. The Indian leader's plea for further discussion was ignored. He sums up his attitude by stating: "I regard it as my sacred duty to break the mournful monotony of the compulsory peace that is choking the heart of the nation for want of free vent."

The Sun and All His Works, by G. W. Gray, World's Work, May.

Of all the mysterious physical manifestations of the universe, the sun is receiving today more attention from scientists than any other celestial curiosity. The importance of the solar rays, on the human body, for instance, cannot be over emphasized. "We want to know," says Dr. Charles Abbott of the Smithsonian Institution, "how far the sun's rays affect human life. An accurate answer may reduce disease, increase crops, and abolish famine."

Are Parents Bad for Children? by Bertrand Russell. Parents Magazine, May.

If parents love their child parentally, for what they hope he will become, not possessively, they need not mistrust their affections and need not let the theorists fill them with doubt and fear.

Herald Tribune Institute. Of considerable interest to cooks, and connoisseurs. *** Edna Geister has had 12 years' experience in showing people how to have a good time and in *Geister Games*⁶ she has gathered together all the games which have been most successful. A useful vol. for the inexperienced party giver. *** Edgar Wallace's latest, *The India Rubber Men*⁷, tells of happenings in and about The Mecca Club, a boarding house for marine officers, run by Mrs. Oaks and her husband, Golly. There was a mystery about their niece, Lila, in attempting to fathom which Inspector Wade got on the track of the gas-masked, rubber gloved, gum-shod gang of the title, and was shot at, gassed, half drowned in a cellar, and otherwise disturbed in the performance of his duty to the delight of the mystery fan, who will find the story one of this author's best. *** A shop window display which caused quite a bit of comment (in *The Shop Window Murders*⁸) included the corpses of the owner of the store and the buyer in the millinery department. Inspector Devenish wades his way to a solution through a sea of confusing clues, suspecting on the way Mr. Kephim, the manager, Mr. Cane of the aeroplane department, Mann, the watchman, young Mr. Peden-Hythe, and others. Just so-so. *** Princess Marthe Bibesco who will be remembered for her two delightful novels, *Catherine-Paris* and *The Green Parrot* and for her numerous light biographies of European Royalty, is now the author of still another book which falls in the latter classification. The new one is called *Some Royalties and a Prime Minister*⁹ and includes characterizations of a long list of notables ranging from Michael, the appealing boy King of Roumania, to Herbert Asquith, the last of the Victorian Liberals. *** A number of years ago there appeared a delightful and scintillating book called *The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion* whose author was one Cleone Knox. Charming, and for a while successfully, this book purported itself to be an authentic diary of the 18th Century. Then it was discovered that the whole thing was a product of the imagination of one Magdalen King-Hall. This same Magdalen together with her sister Luise is now responsible for *The Well-Meaning Young Man*¹⁰, a delicious social satire concerned with the scion of a titled British family. It is a mad, whimsical entanglement that provides an entertaining evening.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

6. Smith, \$1.50.
7. Crime Club, \$2.00.
8. By Vernon Loder: Morrow, \$2.00.
9. Appleton, \$3.00.
10. Appleton, \$2.00.

A Publishing Phenomenon! The Story of San Michele

By Axel Munthe

Through sheer force of character and personality, this autobiography, published last July, has steadily increased its popularity until now, *ten months later*, it is reported in 4th place on *The Outlook's* national non-fiction best-selling list. You, too, will enjoy this book.

The N. Y. Herald Tribune calls it "the most fascinating book of the year."

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►► The Theatre ◀◀

By O. D. C.

BUDDING CRITICS of the theatre who consider words the sole medium of the playwright's expression are hereby invited to take time off from their first class reunion and drop in for a minute or two on Lew Leslie's *International Revue* (Majestic). Make it about ten o'clock when an act entitled "The Rout," featuring Anton Dolin, goes on. Scene: Montmartre. Time: Evening. Consider the lighting, the moving life of the Parisian place, the dominating figure of the Apache who is the pet of Montmartre, the drifting idlers, the open windows, the cafés—and then, among the current on which float a society girl, a beggar, a flower girl, a drug addict, an organ grinder, a midnight rounder, view the swift quarrel of the Apache and his rival for the affections of his sweetheart: ending in the sudden, treacherous knife thrust at the moment of triumph; and the lifeless corpse of the girl, slain shielding her lover's body.

Here is drama, full of color, romance, music and suspense. And yet not one word is spoken. Merely a revue act, with specially arranged music!

Unluckily, however, the *International Revue* hasn't much besides this one genuinely stirring scene, so we cannot carry the argument for music versus words much further, in discussing that musical entertainment.

Several songs it has—well known over the radio by this time—notably "Exactly Like You." And one very surprising moment. This is when a gentleman in the well known garb of the clown steps before the curtain and begins to sing "Pagliacci." For an instant you wonder if Mr. Jack Pearl, the Jewish comedian, is going to break his throat (this is granting that you haven't looked at the program). Then to your amazement a genuinely authentic rendition of the old Caruso favorite meets your ear, and is greeted at the close with salvos of applause: the only touch of genius in the show. Mr. Radaelli, late of Milan, can sing even a bored Broadway musical comedy audience into the thrill that unfortu-

nately comes only once in a season.

Beyond this, nevertheless, *The International Revue* isn't much. The same old girls—even some Chester Hales!—the round of skits, and parades and songs that has become so familiar; and nothing that we can see to justify the name International, now that Gertrude Lawrence has left the piece and Frances Williams and Harry Richman do the honors. Just another musical show to compete for the summer crowds who want hilarity and not much else.

In fact, for those whose New York visit—or the entertainment of those who visit New Yorkers—isn't complete without the evening at a musical comedy, we should say that *Simple Simon*, *Sons O'Guns* and *Flying High* still lead the field, with *Fifty Million Frenchmen* and the *Sketch Book* following close after, and *Strike Up the Band* bringing up the rear. At least, that's our taste; and if you don't like it, don't follow our hints again.

Meanwhile the usual run of the mine summer comedy is on us, with *Stepping Sisters* and *Lost Sheep* trying to edge out the accepted hits of the winter—and not succeeding at all.

In this field, indeed, it is difficult to match *Strictly Dishonorable*, *Bird In Hand*, *Michael and Mary*, *It's A Wise Child*, *Topaze* and *June Moon*—as genial a flock of mirth provokers as any Broadway season of recent years.

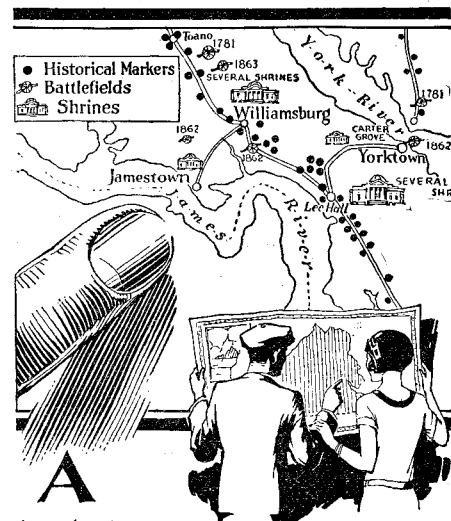
In more serious vein, with *Berkeley Square* closing, *The Green Pastures* remains the finest entertainment in town, followed closely by *Journey's End*, *A Month in the Country*, *Uncle Vanya* and *Street Scene*—which is still with us and nearing its six hundredth performance.

We're sorry, but *Death Takes a Holiday* is not on our list of favorites; nor is *Young Sinners*, the leading attraction for those in search of a chance to groan over the peccadilloes of the overworked younger generation. Haven't we mentioned Katharine Cornell in *Dishonored Lady*? Well, it is terrible but she is very lovely. Go if you must. But don't try and believe the melodrama. You'll strain yourself.

Guide to Current Shows

- **Strictly Dishonorable*: Love and adventure in a speak-easy—delightful light comedy.
- Journey's End*: The great war play, perfectly acted.
- **Fifty Million Frenchmen*: Expertly produced musical comedy.
- **Sons o' Guns*: A gay musical show with the irrepressible Jack Donahue and alluring Lily Damita.
- Topaze*: Hats off to Lee Shubert for bringing this comedy from Paris.
- **The Green Pastures*: The humble negro's story of the Lord God. The event of the season.
- **Simple Simon*: Thank Heaven for Ed. Wynn. Music, ballet and pleasing nonsense.
- Michael and Mary*: A tender and witty comedy of real human beings.
- Hotel Universe*: Fourth dimensional psychology—a bit heavy but extremely interesting.
- **Uncle Vanya*: Moving Russian tragedy, splendidly produced—with Lillian Gish.
- Flying High*: The ideal summer musical show—with Bert Lahr more amusing than ever.

*Indicates the leading attractions as reported by McBride's Inc.



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►► In This Issue ◀◀

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is a graduate of Harvard University and a frequent contributor to the magazines. He specializes chiefly in economic and naval subjects. His article, "Merchant in Letters," appearing in this issue is one which we have been seeking for some time. In spite of his great influence, Mr. Lorimer prefers to remain in the background. Mr. Stolberg's article is the more remarkable in that Mr. Lorimer refuses to grant interviews.

W. LOCK WEI is a graduate of the universities of Hongkong and Cambridge and is now a resident of New York. Mr. Wei is also a member of the Chinese Davis Cup tennis team.

KAY KENNEDY is a frequent contributor to the Outlook and Independent. Formerly editor of a "heart balm" column for a news syndicate, Miss Kennedy is now doing newspaper work in New York.

MARSHALL KERNOCHAN is well known as a composer and contributes frequently to the Outlook and Independent. Mr. Kernochan's latest article was "Our National Anthem."

►► Next Week ◀◀

Prohibition and the Negro, by Archibald Rutledge.

Although the South endorsed prohibition in the belief that it would benefit the Negro, the results have proved far from beneficial. The inferior chemicals which the Negro now drinks are undermining his health, and association with bootleggers is leading him to adopt an "agin the government" attitude. "What he used to get," Mr. Rutledge writes, "was strong but pure and he drank all he could get his hands on. What he now gets is virulent poison, and he drinks all he can lay his hands on."

From Horses to Sailboats, by Lyman Beecher Stowe.

Although Yale allowed Mr. Edward S. Harkness' offer to finance a quadrangle or house plan to lapse, Harvard accepted a similar opportunity. The plan, which is intended to stimulate interest in intellectual subjects by means of the tutorial system, calls for the establishing of three or more quadrangles in which a representative group of students will live together with resident and non-resident tutors. The object is to establish a closer relationship between student and tutor. The advantages of the plan, Mr. Stowe maintains, are demonstrated by the increased number of students now attempting and attaining honors at Harvard.

Russia Goes to the Movies, by Zelda F. Popkin.

Russia is going to the movies, the author declares, and with a vengeance. Recent Russian films, although purposeful and devoid of humor, display great interest in scientific and cultural subjects and remarkable development of modern camera technique. While the lack of humor is to be regretted, much may be forgiven the Soviets for refusing to limit themselves to the conventional love story. They even refuse to tolerate "stars."

Mighty Hunters, by Irving Brant.

The action of the Wyoming Fish and Game Commission in declaring an open season for antelope last October, resulted in the massacre of over two thousand wild animals. Although inexcusable, this alleged hunt was approved by Governor Emerson. The author attacks the false glamor that attaches to big-game hunting and charges that many species are being exterminated largely because the outfitters are financially interested.

Eighteen Hole Lottery, by George Trevor.

Only two Americans have ever won the British Amateur Golf Championship. The fact that it is the only major tournament which Robert T. Jones, Jr. has not succeeded in winning is evidence of the difficulties any American invader has to overcome. Not least among these is the custom of playing all matches except the final at eighteen holes. The great part played by luck in these shorter matches, together with the absence of a qualifying round at medal play—generally considered a better test than match play—may, paradoxically enough, again combine to defeat the greatest American golfer.

►► The Movies ◀◀

By CREIGHTON PEET

►► "The Divorcée"

IN THE old days the woman paid and paid—but now she gets paid and paid—by book and newspaper publishers and movie producers. Confession is good for the soul, but better for the pocketbook. *The Divorcée*, Norma Shearer's latest film, was made from an anonymous book titled *Ex-Wife* in which the author supposedly told all about herself, why her husband left her, and how she went on to a new man in each succeeding chapter. Not having read this precious contribution to the literature of America I cannot say how closely the film follows the book, but I can tell you that while it has good moments, it has more which are downright dull and boring. I think the trouble is that none of the characters matter at all. Norma Shearer sees her husband (Chester Morris) kiss another girl, so she immediately goes off for a week with another man. It is all pretty silly and immature—the sort of thing second-rate women write in an attempt to justify themselves.

►► "Old and New"

Sergei M. Eisenstein, the Soviet director who made *Potemkin* and *Ten Days that Shook the World*, has a new film called *Old and New* in this country and *The General Line* in Europe. Again Eisenstein is concerned with revolution, but this time with a peaceful revolution among the farmers in a remote Russian town. Suffering from hunger and poverty they are finally brought to a happier form of life when a commune is started in the village. One big moment is that in which they pool their money to buy a Fordson tractor—which machine easily pulls all their little wooden carts up the side of a hill in silhouette—a strange picture indeed. The commune also buys a strong young bull—which eventually produces a great herd of cattle and necessitates buying a cream separator.

Now while Eisen-

stein's photography is indeed beautiful, and while he is undoubtedly able to dramatize to an extraordinary degree such an undramatic thing as a cream separator, this picture is hardly comparable to his earlier work. In other words, *Old and New* will mean very little indeed, even to an intelligent American audience.

►► "Song of the Flame"

It is all very well to say that a musical comedy book doesn't need to make sense—the screen is primarily a scene of action and the action in *Song of the Flame* is so infantile and so supremely silly from start to finish that even a well-trained chorus doesn't make it worth while. It seems that the Russian revolution was really just a great big romp between a lot of jolly, carefree, singing peasants and some unpleasantly haughty but really kindly aristocrats.

►► "Redemption"

John Gilbert has for the present cast off the mantle of Casanova and gone in for serious drama—Tolstoy's *Living Corpse* heretofore represented in this country by John Barrymore, Alexandre Moissi and Jacob Ben-Ami. It is simply too bad, but Mr. Gilbert is not the actor for this play—nor are Eleanor Boardman or Conrad Nagle. Furthermore, the mice have been at the Tolstoy dialogue. The "story" has not been materially changed, but the quality, the atmosphere and the dignity of the Tolstoy play have been utterly lost. See Ben-Ami in it at Eva LeGallienne's theatre.

Worth Seeing

All Quiet on the Western Front: An honest and powerful filming of Remarque's novel. Brutal and occasionally shocking—something you must see. Will not be shown outside New York for some months.

High Treason: Fanciful British film showing life in the future. An entertaining novelty.

He Knew Women: Lowell Sherman and Alice Joyce talking smooth, grown-up dialogue.

Journey's End: The stage play faithfully transferred to the screen with a British cast.

King of Jazz: Paul Whiteman leads his band through a revue which has speed and ingenuity if no humor.

The Man From Blankley's: John Barrymore in a slightly crazy light comedy which is reminiscent of Dickens.

The Rogue Song: Lawrence Tibbett sings and sings, but the princess, for once, does not marry the peasant.

Song O' My Heart: John McCormack sings about the Old Country. Some fine recording.

The Vagabond King: Operetta with effective pageants.

Not So Good

Free and Easy: Buster Keaton is sometimes funny, but is snowed under by musical numbers.

Hold Everything: Another one of those all-everything things.

►► Is Mr. Hayes in the House?

This reviewer was completely demoralized the other day on passing a theatre where Billie Dove's latest, *A Notorious Affair*, was showing. Outside, on large placards, he read: "Allure," "Passion," "One Hour of Love," "What Would Any Woman Have Done?" Terrified, this department ran off to a nice, wholesome speakeasy.

From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Indian

HE WAS at an age when other boys are going to college. But he was not going to college or had ever any notion of it. His people had once owned the continent from ocean to ocean. But he himself owned nothing; at his age, not even the rights of citizenship. He was an Indian.

But he had never been a boy to brood upon his wrongs or to think philosophically upon injustice. When he used his brain to think it was toward an end. The deep inheritance of his race taught him to see life with simplicity, to speak seldom, and to look where he was going.

He was going to play baseball. He had known it ever since he had been little—too little to suspect that life was an old lady with her tongue in her cheek, holding grudges against young Indians. But not too little to have his eyes caught, fascinated, by the long easy swing of an arm and the straight whizzing flight of a ball—to have his heart click strangely at the crack of a bat, at a white bird soaring, soaring . . . where would it fall? To have the blood rush tingling to his head, draining his body into nothingness, while the hands of a living clock rushed madly round the face of the field. Baseball! When he would be big enough, he was going to play.

After years and years he had known that he was big enough. His right arm, lean and brown, swinging at his side, raised swiftly above his head, knew how far and cunningly it could send the ball. His strong hands, gripping the bat, knew how to cut the air sharply and meet the unexpected twist. His eyes, shot upwards like arrows, his feet flying from the earth, had learned to measure exactly the flight and drop of the white speck against the blue. He had learned to play baseball. But how was he going to play? Where was the nine that would take him on? The nine for which he had practiced, the one he had struggled to make, had no place for him. There was no other in his own country-side. The school nines and the college nines were outside his life. Somehow he must reach the professionals—somewhere he must show what he could do.

He began very simply by asking questions of those he saw, acquaintances, travelers, wanderers. Did they like baseball? Had they seen any playing lately? What nine was the best? But the answers were unsatisfactory. They did not

know. They were not interested. Or they knew too much.

One day, however, he met a friend. From the moment they first began to talk they knew that they were friends. Baseball? The eyes of the other were lit with a bright light. He had just come from playing on the best nine in the state! Certainly there was a place upon it for a player like this Indian. He himself would gladly have stayed on, playing upon that nine, forever. But he had been forced to leave. His time was up. He had served his term and must leave the prison.

The Indian stared at him in hope and doubt. How could he play upon a prison nine? He, an Indian, and never once in jail. It was the convict's turn to stare. There was nothing he assured him that could be managed more simply.

Afterward, the young Indian walked about during the daytime with his eyes turned inward. And at night he could not sleep. But he was set upon this road; here was an obstacle; how easily could it be mounted? To have himself discovered in a crime—a small crime. A theft. A small theft.

He chose a fair night for a visit to a ranch. He reached the house by starlight and saw that all the place was dark. There should have been a light, some one to hear his foot-steps, to raise an outcry. He moved closer to the house and ran his hand along the sill of a high window. If he should break the glass of this locked window—but at his touch the window raised itself. Once inside, he saw that all was quiet and in order. Silver lay exposed in open drawers, valuable ornaments were ranged around; he had only to gather them up and make himself a thief. He stepped as heavily as his unaccustomed feet could manage. With a hand as rough as he could make it he opened and closed the side-board drawers. Noisily he grasped the treasures, and started toward the window. There he stood and listened, hopefully, expectantly, but there was not a sound. The family overhead slept quietly, their dreams untroubled. With a last desperate stroke the thief upset a heavy chair, and climbed deliberately outside the open window.

Slowly he moved along the roadway, carrying his booty. No light was struck behind him, no foot-step rang out through the silence. The Indian loitered and turned. He walked around the house and looked up at the windows—should he whistle? No, he was

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positive, a thief would never whistle.

Once more, laggingly, he started off. His opportunity was gone. What would he do now with the stuff that he had stolen? How would he ever make the prison nine? As if in answer to his questions, in front of him there loomed up suddenly a barn. He stood and stared at it. On this black night—a bon-fire, blazing—the scream and crackle of the flame—the smell of smoke—alarm—

At the jail they told how they had found an Indian; a thief and caught red-handed; who, upon being forced had owned up to all his guilt. But the prisoner, true to tradition, seemed stoical and calm, and stared upon the floor of his cell with fortitude and indifference. He might almost have been considering a path beyond the Rockies, and the means of traveling forward.

➤➤ A Philistine on Modern Music ◀◀

By MARSHALL KERNOCHAN

IT IS related of Giuseppe Verdi that, in the latter period of his career, he was chattering, one day, with some other musicians about a certain grand opera libretto which had been submitted to him and to several other composers of note, one of whom asked him whether he would handle the subject in a "classic" or "modern" style. "Well," replied the composer of *Othello*, "I think I should merely write music."

Today, a curious tendency pervades the arts. We are being swamped under a deluge of new theories and technical innovations. In the plastic and graphic arts, we have an endless series of experiments looking toward the development of methods whereby emotion is either to be entirely eliminated, or represented by symbolic abstractions.

In music, on the theoretic side, we have polytonality, atonality, "tone clusters," and countless attempts to imitate every-day sounds of all kinds. The practitioners of all these systems show a common desire to avoid anything hitherto known as consonance. In this they are actuated partly by a sophisticated satiety, partly by the thought that since dissonance furnishes the pepper and salt which flavor our musical dishes, the logical sequel would be dishes consisting exclusively of pepper and salt.

On the mechanical side, we have the quarter-tone piano; organs and other instruments are being devised on similar lines. We have also innovations in performance. I have examined, for instance, a piano "sonata" in which the player is to use, instead of his hand, a piece of board spanning an octave. Though these discoveries possess undoubted interest, their practical manifestations unfortunately have thus far fallen short in this respect. Few such compositions seem to survive their initial performance.

They do, however, succeed in arousing excited buzzings among our intelligentsia, who engage in a kind of continuous vocal six-day bicycle race to see who may gain a lap, and, if but for a moment, may be considered to have attained the most modern point of view. No vagary can be too extravagant to win their approval; and if we dare disparage any of the results, we are sternly reminded that we must judge them by entirely new standards.

Yet I see no reason for changing my standard,—I have but one. It is neither classic nor modern. It makes no choice among the many formulae for art. It is simply this. Does the art speak to me?

Does it wake my imagination? Does the artist give me something to take home? If the answer be "Yes," then, and only then, I am ready to admire and study the method by which the artist's message is put across. That is my only test.

FROM TODAY'S *olla podrida*, one salient and vital fact is emerging. The goal of art is changing. It is no longer emotional expression; it is philosophical and mathematical research, plus the desire to work in a preconceived style.

Many have tried, more or less vainly, to define art. Here is my attempt. Art is the transference of an emotional message from the artist to the recipient's imaginative consciousness through the medium of the senses. True art expresses, but never states; for statement is the function of the pedagogue, and is addressed exclusively to the intellect, without sensual intervention.

Here we find the reason why, as many of us believe, much modern art is failing. Its practitioners are purely cerebral, claiming to create an art of abstraction, free from all human emotion. They have thus ceased to be creators and have become pedagogues. Under the arid yoke of theory, they have discarded the instinctive element, which includes all feeling and mood.

Yet it is this element alone which has the power to establish rapport between artist and recipient. Without it, an artist will appeal only to his own ilk, those whose pleasure is derived solely from the new, and whose powers of receiving an emotional message have long since become blunted by over-sophistication.

For all great art is purely instinctive in conception, and carried out by a technic so mastered that it, too, has become instinctive to the point of self-effacement. An art-work fails to the exact degree in which its technic attracts the attention which should focus on its message. No great art ever results from a mere cerebral theory; theory is but the result of studying the work of the master, which, says Whistler, "reeks not of the sweat of the brow, and is complete from the beginning."

The failure, then, of most of our modern art lies in its impotence to establish emotional communication with those instincts which are our common birthright. I care not how "provocative" a new work may be, provided its provocativeness be not calculated, nor the result of a mental pose. For all that

is good in it will ultimately react on the people's instinct, the court of final judgment.

Evidence of failure is not wanting. The modernist himself makes naïve confession by the reams of essays and monographs which are thought necessary to force his art upon us. A few years ago a composer sent broadcast to the musical fraternity the score of one of his works, accompanied by a long and prolix essay dealing with the theories under which the work had birth; the essay being an unconscious betrayal of the composer's underlying feeling that his music lacked the power to carry through without a crutch.

A feeling of lofty intellectual superiority breathes through nearly all of this literature. Many specimens have an irate, scolding tone; others, a mystical one; and others, again, are suffused with a pained and tolerant pity for those artistic pariahs who have not as yet seen the great light, so obvious to the writer, of the genius (sic) whom he is panegyricizing. Another favorite reasoning runs like this: Wagner was unfavorably criticized at first. Wagner was a genius. Binks is now being unfavorably criticized. Ergo, Binks is a genius, Q. E. D. Let but this comforting viewpoint gain general acceptance and geniuses will be as plentiful as leaves in the June woods.

Let us now enquire why so many of our gifted younger artists and composers are turning scornful backs on the imaginative and emotional side of art, and flocking to the sterile precincts of the laboratory. We shall find two main causes.

First, the herd instinct. A young composer often looks up to some personage whose work he admires, or has drifted into some sophisticated coterie whose applause he covets. These tell him in lofty and dogmatic tones that all feeling and imagination are "blah" or "tripe." Suppressing the still small voice of his instinctive self, he allows himself to be hypnotized into writing so as to give satisfaction in the desired quarter. He is no longer an individual. He is a member of the herd. He is lost.

Second, the dread of being thought unoriginal. The young composer often forgets the basic truth that if an artist achieve genuine self expression, then, and only then, will he inevitably be original. In Nature is no duplication of personalities.

The ultimate spiritual crime against the young creative artist is to accuse him of imitation. Nearly always, in his early work, there appear traces of outside influences as yet imperfectly absorbed into his individuality. Such a work is performed, perhaps, and some

brilliant gentleman, be he professional critic, or well meaning friend, hunts out the inevitable reminiscences. The unhappy composer reexamines his work. He fears that there may be some basis for the criticism, and proudly resolves that in his next work there shall be no reminders of other music. His work has now ceased to be instinctive. It has become conscious. He is lost.

Let the young creative artist then, devote himself solely to the communication of that message for the expression of which he feels a true and irresistible urge, using a technic appropriate to its utterance and, above all, strictly subordinated to it; turning aside neither for the cackle of the critical reminiscence-hunter nor the bray of the intelligentsia, who look not at the matter, but only at the manner. In the end, his work will stand or fall by its matter. As for the manner, let him remember that, except from the historian's viewpoint, there is no such thing as ancient art, nor yet modern art. There is only personal art.

If he have naught to express, silence is golden, and the only true honesty.

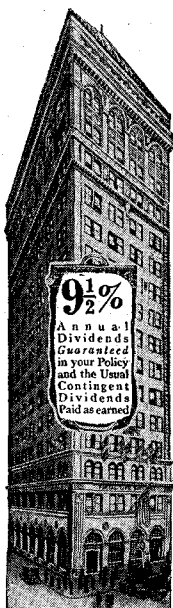
Future of the Chinese Puzzle

(Continued from Page 89)

sonians. The faction advocating a strongly centralized government has much with which to contend, whereas the opposing party points to certain incontrovertible facts: the country is of so vast an area, the population is so staggeringly numerous, the economic and social conditions in the various provinces are so greatly differentiated, that it seems humanly impossible for a centralized government to cope with the situation either physically or mentally.

A movement has been inaugurated to establish provincial local government. Kwangtung, Chekiang, Hunan and others have already adopted such constitutions. Though still impeded to a great extent by foreign and domestic difficulties, the more progressive Chinese of the present day favor this latter theory of government. The consensus of opinion seems to be that each province should be ruled by a governor elected by the people for a fixed term of office, his powers and duties to be clearly defined by the constitution. The national government would enact certain laws for the entire nation, administer foreign affairs, provide for and direct the means of defense, build and administer national systems of transportation and communication, and raise the necessary revenue to support the central government and its activities—in short—the United States of China.

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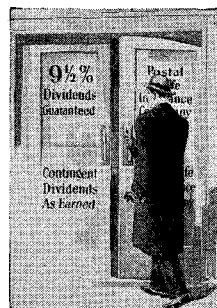
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practiced in the kind of plodding that developed Charles E. Hughes, Grover Cleveland, Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover, the kind that can hold the ship of state steady when the storms of hysteria are rampant. The strength and prestige they have acquired are due not to dint of magic—they just keep on doing the things they ought to do. Fortunately, there are a good many of that kind. They buttress the nation against the selfish opportunist. Out of the number of these the Company receives its recruits. Therefore, it will grow and grow and grow.

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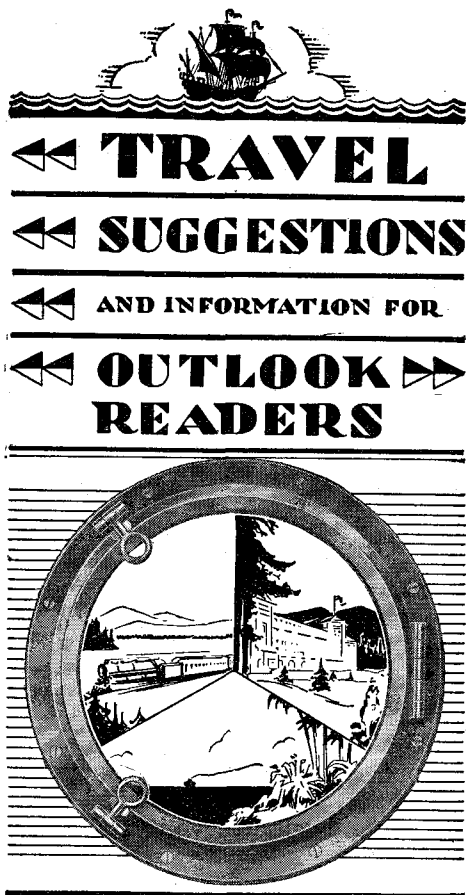
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▶▶ Ivory, Apes and Peacocks ◀◀

By W. R. BROOKS

WE HAVE HAD in contemplation for some time a monograph on a subject which is of nation-wide—nay, of world-wide interest. The title is to be *The Umbrella Problem: Its Cause and Cure*. It would begin with statistics, gathered from our own personal experience, showing the number of times we have been caught without an umbrella when it rained, the number of times an umbrella was carried and no rain fell, and the number of times when umbrella and rain synchronized. The latter figure is pitifully small, working out to something like two per cent of the total occasions considered. Further figures would show the cost of maintaining one umbrella for one year, including replacement cost for stolen umbrellas; the amount of energy, in foot-pounds, used in carrying an umbrella on rainless days; an appraisal of the loss of mental efficiency resulting from worry over the weather; and cost of repairs and replacements of garments damaged by rain. Also an inquiry into whether the weather bureau is subsidized by umbrella manufacturers to predict sunshine when rain is actually indicated, thus stimulating sales to those caught without umbrellas.

▶▶ WE HAVE put off writing this document because when we came to the remedy we were stuck. Neither insurance, staying indoors all the time, nor waterproof clothing seemed quite feasible. But in the meanwhile the problem has been solved. A manufacturer has brought out the Umby, a rainproofed cardboard umbrella substitute which folds up compactly, but when open and resting on the hat gives almost as complete protection from the rain as an umbrella. Umby's cost 10 cents apiece, and can be had in colors or in black. Keep one or two in the front hall, in the office, in the car—and then let it rain. You'll keep dry yourself, and your best umbrella will still be yours at the end of the year. Umby's, we understand, are soon to be sold from slot machines.

▶▶ YOU MAY NOT know that the Metropolitan Museum in New York has on sale at very reasonable prices casts of various pieces of sculpture in its possession, also fine color prints of more than a hundred paintings, and a great many postcard reproductions, photographs and in color, of paintings, sculpture, furniture, ceramics, architecture and antiquities. It will also sell you a

photograph of any object belonging to the Museum, and will make photostat copies of prints, photographs or book illustrations in the Museum library. Lists of the various reproductions may be obtained by writing to the Secretary of the Museum.

▶▶ THE JIFFY-TITE SCREW DRIVER is, says the manufacturer, the greatest improvement in screw drivers in over 2000 years. Personally, we'd put it at 5000. But it's a useful gadget, at that. It has an arrangement by which the screw is placed on the end of the screw driver, a ferrule is pushed down by your thumb, and the screw is then held firmly in place. As soon as it is screwed in, you pull back the ferrule and release it. This driver can be used the same as an ordinary driver, but it is specially useful when a screw has to be put in a place where it is impossible to hold it with the fingers.

▶▶ HAVE YOU A CHILD who is 12 years old in 1930? If so, he or she is eligible for one of the half-million cameras which the Eastman Kodak Company is giving to American children in commemoration of its fiftieth anniversary, as a token of appreciation to the parents who have played an important part in the development of amateur picture making. And, it admits frankly, with the purpose of interesting half a million children in picture taking, and thus stimulating business. The honesty of this admission, even though the purpose would be obvious anyway, is pleasing to this confirmed enemy of advertising hokum.

▶▶ WHEN YOU go out into the garden to cut flowers, don't carry a basket. The flowers will wither before you get them in water. Get one of these gadgets. It consists of two cylindrical holders with a handle above, enamelled green with yellow bands, or vice versa, stands 8 inches high, and is decorative enough in itself if you have to leave the flowers in it a while before you arrange them in vases.

▶▶ THERE ARE FOUR big drawers and two small ones in a cedar chest of drawers we have seen. It measures 21 inches wide, 20½ inches deep, and 5 feet high. Made of solid Tennessee cedar. Excellent for storing blankets and winter clothes where neither moth nor dust can corrupt.

Merchant in Letters

(Continued from Page 86)

writes on many other topics as well. They are both very able in taking apart exceedingly neatly and without perceptible damage vastly complex industrial and business phenomena. The damage becomes more perceptible in their constructive endeavors. The scores of articles which appear in the *Post* on banking and credit, investments, bonds, stocks, mortgages, real estate, and other such business techniques are also almost invariably far more competent in description than in opinion. The *Post* is, no doubt, at its best in describing new methods of production, merchandising and distribution, in which field it has become the magnet for national advertising.

The editorials are either tritely idyllic or calmly orthodox, and almost invariably dull. On controversial matters they are apt to lapse into pithy and cocksure reaction. The cocksureness parades as hard-headed realism. For years Mr. Lorimer's favorite reforms were "the extension of our national parks, the protection of wild game, the conservation of national resources," as long as these resources were part of the public domain. He also believes in "drastic reforms in the administration of justice," meaning by that a more drastic and not a more reformatory attitude. His pet advocacy has always been the ever tightening restriction of immigration. In this he no doubt was right, though he loves to be ruthless about it. In his views on foreign affairs he is a fundamentalist believer in Washington's Farewell Address.

The *Post* has always given a great deal of intelligent publicity to public health, popular science, the advancement of medicine, and the state of the practical arts. Its own pictorial art is highly conventional and of meticulous draftsmanship. It is mentally geared to the mean average intelligence of the composite popular mind. It is "clean"—morally, of any but the simplest ideas, and of all but the most elementary emotions.

To sum up, in the *Post* wit rarely touches irony, humor seldom rises to satire, analysis of conventional values is never skeptical. Real criticism is taboo. Good, clean hope springs eternal and is never polluted by despair. The perennial trinity of goodness, truth and beauty is never at grips with tragedy. It is secular, simple, and sensible, and its triple halo is triple gold-plated. Human emotions are never the stealthy conflicts in the labyrinths of the soul. They have it out in the open under ama-

teur rules. Wholesomeness scores and finally wins. The stories in the *Post* are at bottom really grown-up bedtime stories, putting to sleep the critical faculties. "An occasional story above the average taste" is enough, Mr. Lorimer said years ago. Non-fiction never ventures into the depths of opinion, beyond the ropes of safety and sanity. In the days of the muckrakers he burst out: "What this country needs are a lot of professional Pollyannas on the job." Norm is King!

YET MR. LORIMER is a great editor. American history is the most compactly revolutionary history of modern times. From its revolutionary foundation through the whole nineteenth century it was a kaleidoscope of libertarian movements. And no doubt in the apocalypse of the twentieth century Mr. Lorimer's decades of commercial crusades and technological miracles, for all their social recklessness, will appear in their true spiritual consequence. But whatever the deeper forces at work may have been during Mr. Lorimer's day, there is no doubt that he saliently expressed their surface materialism. He is a born publicist. He got himself a timely philosophy, when he and Big Business were young and adventurous together. His philosophy gave him a simple and powerful strategy for vast control of public opinion. His influence in turn was the best demonstration of the pragmatism of his philosophy. The *Post* is successful because its outlook is rounded and its psychology is all of a piece. It is based on nothing but the character of George Horace Lorimer. Personally he is above the stuff which he prints in exactly the same sense that he is above a literal belief in the fabular promises of advertising. Yet he passionately holds that that's the stuff just the same—in article, story, editorial, and ad! They help to sell one another. Our civilization, to him, is essentially the interplay of its sales resistances, whose tensions strengthen and balance our culture.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER was born in Louisville, Kentucky, on October 6, 1868. His mother, Belle Burford, was of American stock. In Mr. Lorimer's memory she lives as a good, kindly, gracious and sensible woman, pretty much the mother of Mother's Day. And so she was, for so she must have been. She left no shocks on his natural bents. She provided them with an ample background of simple security. It was a sound home for rearing a child.

The stronger mate in that parental team was the Reverend Dr. George C. Lori-

mer, a Scottish immigrant who quickly Americanized himself through the Baptist ministry, which gave articulate opportunity to his ordinary but well pronounced gifts. A man of conventional culture, healthy views, safe enlightenment, and fair intelligence, he represented in his whole outlook the beginnings of the religious liberalism which was developing into the handmaiden of the industrial North in post Civil War days. After a few immigrant years in the South, the Reverend Lorimer came North, and for many years headed leading pastorates in New York, Chicago, and Boston. He was a figure much like Dr. Cadman is now. He was not big enough to overshadow his son.

For one year young Lorimer went to Yale. Then one day, so the likely apocryphal story goes, he met old Philip D. Armour.

"What are you doing, George?"

"I'm at Yale."

"You better quit and come with me. I'll give you a job and make you a millionaire."

Young George was destined to make his moderate number of millions not in pigs but in print. But the stockyards proved an invaluable training school for his editorial philosophy. In his eight years at Armour's he rose from \$10 a week checking weights to \$5000 a year as head of the glue department. He came to know business enterprise and the merchant's psychology to perfection. During the great packing strike young Lorimer showed Mr. Armour what he could do. He helped to break it. He has never recognized labor since. Philip Armour left his powerful impress on the young man's "common sense" for life. Old Gorgon Graham in the *Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to his Son* is the indelible record of this impression. And by all rights one of the founding fathers of Mr. Lorimer's *Post*, right between himself and Ben Franklin, should be the great, baronial packer.

George Horace Lorimer was a success at twenty-seven. But he did not get stuck in it. He preferred the business of letters to the making of glue. Though married he quit his job. He went to Colby for one year, to learn the trade of writing good English for sale. Then he worked for a year as a reporter on the *Boston Post*. Then he wired Mr. Curtis for an interview. And then he proceeded to build himself into our "national weekly."

When Mr. Lorimer joined the *Post* in the summer of 1897, a few months after Mr. Curtis had bought it, it had an anaemic and precarious circulation of about 1800 in petty-polite, pseudo-cultivated, genteel-Anglophile family

circles. Most of its contents were lifted bodily from the English periodicals of the more bromidic variety. Nothing was ever signed. Most of the stories were pale and unreadable serials. The poetry fillers were thin, tepid and senseless. So were the editorials, and the column of "humor," and the few lonely advertisements. Mr. Curtis who had bought this eclectic, coverless, colorless sixteen-page weekly for \$1,000 was getting ever more fretful and pouty. He did not propose to sink into it much more of the money he was coining in the *Ladies Home Journal*.

Finally Mr. Curtis sailed for Europe to persuade a slightly distinguished American diplomat with an irreproachable literary past to become his editor. In the meantime he left young Lorimer in charge. That was in the summer of 1898. After Mr. Curtis saw a number of issues gotten out by the pinch-hitting editor, he sensibly forgot all about the diplomat and came home. Early in 1899 young Lorimer became editor-in-chief.

The theory is that Mr. Curtis is a genius in picking the right men and leaving them alone. The second part of the theory is quite true. But he certainly has picked some lemons in his day. The better explanation is that he was tremendously lucky in two men. He was lucky in Edward Bok, the late editor of the *Ladies Home Journal*, who was a born leader of women's clubs. And he was even luckier when George Horace Lorimer picked him for his boss. For Mr. Lorimer's instincts of workmanship and Mr. Curtis' instincts of ownership are of a kind.

The immediate changes wrought by the new editor were as astonishingly competent technically as they were alive editorially. The genteel British models were thrown into the waste basket. Under Lorimer everything began to move—headlines, stories, articles, pictures, and ads. They begged to be read on the run. For months, in those early days, he took the late afternoon train from Philadelphia to New York, where he bagged the best writers he could, whom he fired with his own enthusiasm of the new and busy America, part of whose mission was to pay them well for their labors. Early the next morning he was back at his desk. He fed on his work and all of it went into his romantic conception of business society. By 1901 the issues of the *Post* began to look like weekly baby-snapshots of what it is now. When Mr. Lorimer could not get enough of the sort of material he wanted, he wrote a series himself. They appeared anonymously as the *Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to his Son*. Later they were published under his name in book

form. They sold by the thousands all over the world. He published two more books, *The False Gods* and *Jack Spurlock—Prodigal*. But by that time the *Post* was well under way and Mr. Lorimer decided to edit and not to write, except editorials.

The *Letters* created a sensation. They are real literature for the same reason that Balaam's ass dictated the best editorial in Holy Script. For no matter who sat for his portrait, old Gorgon spoke Mr. Lorimer's mind—freely, acutely,



Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of May 17, 1950

The joint Congressional Commission now sitting on the disposition of Muscle Shoals will probably make its final report and recommendations to the next Congress.

The Women's National Aviation Society has offered a prize of \$5,000 for the best non-stop glider record made before October 1, 1950, by a five-seater glider traveling from Denver to Charleston and occupied by a mother and four children.

In a symposium on *Trousers vs. Skirts for Women*, Dr. Regus Patoff said: "My researches convince me that the inherent decency of the trouser makes certain its ultimate defeat by the skirt, despite the lavish propaganda of the National Trouser Institute."

Application has been made for a Federal charter for a new nationwide woman's club, to be known as the Daughters of American Racketeers. Qualifications for admission are proofs of direct descent from a member, in good standing at the time of his death, of any of the recognized gangs of picturesque freebooters whose business methods, frowned upon a few generations ago, have become today reputable commercial practice.

An anti-movie campaign was launched in St. Louis last week by Mayor Schlink, who said, "Our people are tired of having their eyesight impaired by the pictures, their ears assaulted by the talkies, and their olfactory nerves confused and strained by the smellies."



with startling felicity, and just once. The stark directness of old Gorgon's money sense, the cynical simplicity of all his instincts, the complex naïveté of his guile, his fierce struggles under a minimal but hard code, his democratic homeliness, and his dictatorial powers of organization—all these are told in a style which makes the man. It is a perfect picture of Big Business before it learned to be "good," when giants were building it. It is in those days that Mr.

Lorimer got his apprenticeship, which gave him his sense of the adventure of business.

By the time the *Letters* had run their course, over one-third of the *Post* was filled with advertisements. Its superb business editing attracted national attention. It became the nation's business barometer. By 1902 circulation had jumped to 315,000, by 1905 to 700,000. In 1908 it was 1,000,000; in 1918, 2,000,000; in 1928, 3,000,000. By 1916 the *Post* began to refuse business and Mr. Lorimer decreed that no advertising could appear in it which did not run once every four weeks, thirteen times annually. The War gave the *Post* its greatest impetus by testing to the utmost its technical equipment, by sending it into the trenches; and by making it one of the great spokesmen of those who directed the national struggle. The story of the growth of the *Post* staggers the imagination as America loves to have it staggered. Acres of pulp and rivers of ink and miles of freight cars! If you spread its weekly edition it would cover the earth a couple of times, I suppose. And if you stack it end on end, you could kiss Venus or do business with the man in the moon, as you like it.

Today it costs 30 cents to produce a copy of the *Post* for which you pay only a nickel. It prints about 3,150,000 copies a week. It has been estimated that 10,000,000 people read it and only the Lord knows how many people look at it. A full-page in black and white costs \$8000. A double-spread in four colors costs \$23,000. Those who want to know our popular mind read it the world over. One of Mr. Lorimer's greatest trials is to keep out of his pages publicity he does not want, and one of his greatest prides is to put into it the kind he approves of.

LIFE HAS BEEN GOOD to Mr. Lorimer, and he shows it. Of medium height, his perfect proportions lend grace to his powerful frame. He radiates energy, but his worldliness keeps it easy and smooth. The head is well shaped, the hair wiry and steel-gray. His features are large, open, and handsome. The eyes are gray-blue, keen, calmly arrogant. They have seen little defiance and much concurrence. The mouth is very wide, frank, and impressive with dormant ruthlessness. The chin is well rounded and strong. The face is square, rather lean, and ruddily weatherbeaten. His expression is full of character, the expression of a man who completely owns himself. He looks as though he had shopped a great deal in life and knows to a nicety the price of experience, if not its intangibles. It is an exceedingly

May 21, 1930

intelligent face but entirely untouched by the mellower qualities. There is little wisdom in it. It is full of control.

Indeed, Mr. Lorimer shows all the characteristics of the intellect kept within the bounds of mere high intelligence. He betrays the stunted intellectual within him by his hatred of all free intellectual expression. But his intellectual *homunculus* has revenged himself by forging for him a "low brow" philosophy, but a philosophy for all that, which has kept him from garnering the fruits of the simple and direct opportunist. He is still working for a man who is undoubtedly less of a person but far more successful according to Mr. Lorimer's standards. But, above all, the essential shortness of his point of view has robbed him of the imagination beyond his immediate period. He is the child of a limited age. Even Big Business, when it gets too "enlightened" and fancy, goes against his grain. He tried his best to make the bad Trust behave. But when the bad Trust grew up into the great, bland Monopoly he did not quite follow. He lacks the vital option for the Company Union, the vast welfare schemes, "scientific" philanthropy, the heavily armed liberalism of the international banker. He understands plain conservatism in all its ramifications. The methods of unctuous reaction are not his. Mr. Lorimer was the great editor of the national weekly—from 1900 to 1920.

Advertising men tell me that the trend of the times is just a wee bit against the *Post*. It definitely feels the competition, no matter how haughty its silence, of *Liberty* and *Collier's* and other such mass publications. But these things are just in the air. Mr. Lorimer is still the Henry Ford of the periodical world. He has been much honored. He is a Doctor of Laws and a Doctor of Letters, a bank director, an owner of much real estate in town, country and farm, the managing vice president of the Curtis Publishing Company, at present a member of two ornamental government commissions. Above all, he is still one of the great arbiters of public opinion and the greatest merchant in letters.

He is quite a collector of colonial furniture, Pennsylvania Dutch and other antiques, old bottles, old silver, rare pipes and what not. But there again his fear of intellectualism and his contempt for the "high brow," which makes him speak of the classics as "bosh" and of modern art as "decadent," keeps him from any real distinction as a collector which one suspects he might have developed.

George Horace Lorimer always curbed the ideals of his natural gifts.

Do your part for humanity



HELP CONTROL
CANCER

—tell people that cancer in its early stages is curable, in its late stages is not curable

The odds are always against your having cancer—but make sure. Consult your physician yourself, urge others to do so.

This work is made possible by generous public support of the sale of the little Christmas book and by voluntary contributions. Our work for 1930 depends on your continued help.

For further information and free literature, address

THE NEW YORK CITY COMMITTEE, American Society for the Control of Cancer
34 EAST 75TH STREET, NEW YORK

He kept them to the leash of the practical arts. He paced them to the time of efficient performance. He never permitted his imagination a rest from effectiveness. He never permitted his shrewdness to soar into wisdom and to come back to him, refreshed with the visions beyond the day after tomorrow. He trimmed his philosophy to the pragmatism of one brief generation, and he identified it with the long destiny of a great people.

And that is the reason why Mr. Lorimer is so very important in and to his own day, and not at all significant in the making of American history.

Sisters of the Hollow Leg

(Continued from Page 93)

females who take it straight—or with just a dash of soda. It must be confessed that there are still bartenders who look up in surprise when they hear a soprano voice ask for scotch and soda but they are relatively few. Gin, of course, will always be popular as an ingredient of refreshing beverages because of its low cost.

The skeptic at this point may protest that, although women have learned to drink more wholesomely, they still cannot consume as much as a man. It is as dangerous to generalize on this as on any other subject, but it is undoubtedly true that the most popular girl in many sets is the one of whom it is vulgarly but expressively said that she has—not a neatly turned ankle—but a hollow leg. To mark this new era, men neither resent nor deplore her capacity. They are simply awed.

On the whole, however, women are too intelligent to let themselves go entirely blotto. Too intelligent—or too vain. They have seen the bleared eyes, the drooping mouth and heard the unguarded comments, the shrill, hysterical laughter



THE MAID WHO AFFECTS BOHEMIA
From "The Illustrated American,"
July 6, 1895

that go with drunkenness in its advanced stages; and have not found it good. Their appearance is too important to them to allow of such laxity and they are apt to keep a pretty firm grip on themselves. With persistent application they discover their capacity and learn when to say "no." The sorority of the
(Please Turn to Page 119)

Outlook and Independent Classified Section

COPY for June 25 issue, due on or before
June 11. Phone Stuyvesant 7874 . .
or write

THE OUTLOOK CO.
120 EAST 16th ST. NEW YORK CITY

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60 Cents a
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Where to Buy or Sell—Where to
Travel—How to Travel
Use this Section to Fill Your Wants

Hotels and Resorts

Colorado

Opportunity for girls to enjoy ranching in the cattle country. A home ranch on the western slope of the Rockies at end of scenic Moffat R.R. Horseback riding and pack trips through beautiful Route National Forest. Ideal, outdoor western life for high school and college girls. Elizabeth Stanwood (A B Vassar College) Ruth Carpenter Woodley (A B Wellesley College). Address LX Bar Ranches, Hayden, Colorado

England

HOWARD HOTEL, LONDON Elegance & Luxury

Every bedroom is fitted with hot and cold water, central heating and telephone. Many bedrooms with private bathrooms and elegant suites. The restaurant serves the finest of foods and wines in the brightest and most attractive of surroundings. The Lounges are spacious and luxurious. Bedrooms from \$2.50. Illustrated Booklets from Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau which will make reservations for you.

NORFOLK ST., STRAND, W. C.

DONINGTON HALL AND PARK, (Near Derby), the Beauty Spot of England, used as a German Officers' Prisoners of War Camp. Tunnel through which prisoners escaped on view. Now open to the Public. Admission 1/-. Charabancs and motors free. Catering provided, Sundays included. Telephone 43, Castle Donington.

Maine

THE BEECHES, Paris Hill, Maine will receive a few selected guests for summer months of 1930. Booklet.

ROCK GARDEN and COTTAGES

Ocean—Woods—Lakes
All sanitary improvements. Electric lights. Golf—Tennis—Trout and deep sea fishing. Water sports.

Mosquito free under Gorgas system.
References
J. W. Merritt, Sebaco Estates, Sebaco, Maine.

York Camps, Loon Lake

RANGELEY, MAINE. For three generations non-housekeeping summer homes for discriminating families. Outstanding dining room supplied from farm. Rustic modernization. All sports.

YE LONGFELLOW INN PORTLAND, ME.

Overlooking Casco Bay and Portland Harbor. A summer home whose charms appeal to people of culture who return year after year.
American Plan, Excellent food, Garages
H. H. PEASE, Prop., June 1 to Oct. 1.

CLEMENT'S CAMPS

Black Bass Fishing on Famous Belgrade Lakes. Fly Fishing from May 25th to July 1st. 20 to 60 Bass per day. Bait Fishing during July, Aug. and Sept. Separate Cabins with Bath and Open Fires. Guides, Boats, Bait, Tackle, Golf and Excellent Table. Send for Information and Booklet.

E. W. CLEMENT, OAKLAND, ME.

Round Mountain Lake Camps

Located on the most beautiful lake in the country. It is an ideal family resort with 20 detached log camps, open fires, electric lights, toilet rooms, central dining camp, and office. The best of dry fly fishing for trout in three ponds. Fifteen miles of streams. Automobile road to camps. No hay fever. Elevation 1810 feet. Daily mail. Special low monthly rates. Write for booklet. Dion O. Blackwell, Round Mountain, Maine

SUMMIT HOUSE

Chebeague Island, Maine
Fine location. Boating, bathing, fishing, golf, tennis, base ball. Rates low. 1149 Outlook and Independent.

Hotels and Resorts

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MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

THE LESLIE

A quiet, cozy little House by the sea. Opens June 28. Private baths. Descriptive booklet. 26th season.

CAMP MORSE For Adults
LEE, MASS.
In the Berkshire Mountains. Altitude 1,700 feet. On Goose Lake; All outdoor sports; Cabins, electric light; Artesian well; Famous for good cooking.

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Ideally situated for rest and recreation. For booklet and rates address G. T. YOUNG.
BRIDGEWATER, N. H.

BIRCH TREE INN, White Mts. Intervale, N. H. offers to summer vacationists, attractive well furnished rooms. Excellent food, invigorating mountain air, scenic beauty. Golf, Mt. climbing, foot paths in pleasant places. Moderate rates.

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OCEAN VIEW HOUSE—BAY HEAD, N. J. Splendidly run. Generous verandahs. Golf. Tennis close by. 300 feet to Ocean and Bay. Bathing from hotel.

New York

Interbrook Lodge AND COTTAGES KEENE VALLEY, N. Y.

Located on hill in spruces and pines, 1,500 ft. elevation, one mile from and 500 ft. above village on trail to Mt. Marcy. Dancing, tennis, bathing, fishing, mountain climbing. Golf course 4 miles. Best moderate-priced hotel in mountains. Fresh vegetables. State certified Ayrshire herd. Write for booklet. B. A. TRYON & SON.

Hotel LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. Superior accommodations. Good meals. Write direct or Outlook and Independent Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

ADIRONDACKS, THE CRATER CLUB
ESSEX-ON-LAKE CHAMPLAIN, N. Y.
Cottages without housekeeping cases. Excellent table. Moderate prices. Social references required. Send for circular.

ADIRONDACKS AUGER LAKE
FORDWAY CAMPS. For Gentiles. New attractive, furnished housekeeping bungalows, located on tract of land for exclusive use of our guests. Boating, bathing, fishing. Season \$150 to \$300 including garage, ice, firewood and rowboat.
MACE & NICOLLS, KEESVILLE, N. Y.

BLUE MOUNTAIN HOUSE

One of the finest situations in Adirondacks. Altitude 2,035 ft., overlooking beautiful lakes. Outdoor sports. All conveniences. Excellent table. M. T. MERWIN, Blue Mountain Lake, N. Y.

THE MOHAWK and cottages. A modern Adirondack Hotel offering golf, riding and a wide range of sports and amusements. C. O. LONGSTAFF, Old Forge, N. Y.

MOHICAN-HOUSE SABBATH DAY POINT
On Lake George, N. Y.
The ideal spot, tennis, bathing, dancing, saddle horses. Illustrative Booklet.

New York

"ROADS END" On Lake "Where the Trails Begin" Sacandaga Adirondacks

A camp for the lovers of the out-of-doors. Refined surroundings. Good table. Large living-hall. Cottages and tents for sleeping. Boats and canoes. Black bass fishing. Hikes into the woods. Nights around the campfire. Everything comfortable and homelike. CHAS. T. MEYER, Lake Pleasant, Hamilton Co., N. Y.

New York City

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq.
New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan \$4 per day and up. European plan \$1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, MANAGER

Hotels and Resorts

New York City

Hotel Wentworth

59 West 46th St., New York City

The hotel you have been looking for which offers rest, comfortable appointments, thoughtful cuisine. In the heart of theatre and shopping center, just off Fifth Ave. Moderate. Further details, rates, booklets, direct, or Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau.

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129-135 W. 46th St., N.Y.

Rooms With Bath Evening dinner and single—\$3—\$3.50—\$4 Sunday noon . \$1.00 Double—\$5—\$6—\$7 Luncheon . . . \$0.50
Special Blue Plate Service in Grill Room for comfort, for convenience to all parts of the metropolis, for its famous dining service come to Hotel Bristol. You'll feel "at home".

Swiss Spas

—St. MORITZ Spa.—
Olympia Spas Hotel Metropol. Good cuisine—Running water—Rooms with pension—15 fr. up—Tennis—Golf links, 3 minutes.

Ragaz-Pfaefers Spa

The world known healthy Sport Resort. Excellent cures for rheumatism, gout, nervous diseases, etc. First class golf—thermal swimming pool.

GRAND HOTEL QUELLENHOF GRAND HOTEL HOF RAGAZ

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SPEND YOUR VACATION off the beaten path in the heart of the Green Mountains Beautiful Lake Harris, a gem in the mountain setting. High altitude. Pine beach, fishing, scenic walks and drives. Modern conveniences. References. Inquire "THE SPRUCES," West Barnet, Vermont.

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Steamship, air and railway passages.
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UNIQUE PERSONAL SERVICE.

\$435 Leisurly, delightful summer tour through Europe, with congenial travelers, good hotels, limited membership. Motoring to Fontainebleau, Barbizon and Versailles—motorboat on Lake Geneva—tallyho up the Lauterbrunnen Valley—motoring through the Bavarian Highlands to Castle Neuschwanstein—the Passion Play at Oberammergau—the Rhine and the Zuyder Zee—Reservations made by experts.

Longer tours sail in Spring and Summer to Italy, Egypt, Palestine and Norway.

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The Passion Play

SELECT TOURS \$695
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Alaska, Mexico National Parks, California, Bermuda, Hawaii, Round the World.

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Steamship Tickets—All Lines

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452 Fifth Ave., New York

Real Estate

Connecticut

FOR SALE: Historical house, 215 years old reconditioned on beautiful lake, 10 acres or a portion with lake front, about 135 miles from New York. Suitable artist or author. C. Winthrop Cramer, 36 Pearl Street, Hartford, Conn.

LORD'S POINT, Stonington, Connecticut. Cozy, inexpensive 4 and 5 room shore cottages. \$100 a month. \$200 for season June 15th to Sept 15th. Inquire of I. H. CHILDS, Huntington, Mass.

Maine

Searsport on Penobscot Bay: sale or rent, farm. 7 rooms, bath, fireplace, electricity, garage. 2 boats, picture on request. E. B. EVANS, Media, Pa.

TO LET—At Pemaquid Harbor, Maine, the Farrin Homestead. 10 rooms. Price \$300 for season. For particulars write MRS. C. L. FARRIN, Pemaquid Harbor, Maine.

Massachusetts

OCEAN BUNGALOWS, CAPE COD FRONT

Osborn Hall, 1895 University Ave., New York City.

SALE OR RENT—On Cape Cod. 10 room house fully furnished. All modern improvements. In desirable community. One acre land. Rental, season \$900. Sale price \$11,000. A. WHITE, Chatham, Mass.

New Hampshire

TO LET FOR SEASON

Summer house of the late John D. Bryant, Esq., Boston. Open fireplaces, furnace, baths, electric lights. Particulars MISS ANNIE H. DUNCAN, Meriden, N. H.

New York

FOR SUMMER RENTAL—Larchmont Manor. Thirty-five minutes from New York City. New eight room Colonial, completely furnished. Three baths, two open porches, garage, bath house, beach privileges. Fine view, open country and Long Island Sound. June 1st to September 15th. \$1,800. Address OWNER, 1183 Outlook and Independent.

Pennsylvania

FOR SALE—Furnished 9 room cottages. Baths, fireplaces, garages, tennis court, 7 1/2 acres 5 miles from Gettysburg. Ideal for lovers of real country. Address Box 96, Fairfield, Pa.

Situations Wanted

DARTMOUTH College Junior willing to serve as chauffeur, typist, tutor, or traveling companion in return for expenses to EUROPE. J. L. Verity, Hanover, N. H.

REFINED woman desires position of trust, private family, institution, month of July. 9437 Outlook and Independent.

Outlook and Independent

CLASSIFIED SECTION *Continued*

Situations Wanted

A MIDDLE-AGED American man and wife desire a position as care takers on a country estate or in a city home, anywhere in the Eastern States. Can give best of references. 9454 Outlook and Independent.

COLLEGE girl, Protestant, desires summer employment. Experienced with older or young children. Would travel. Best references. 9456 Outlook and Independent.

COMPETENT, experienced stenographer formerly a teacher, desires position, is capable, practical woman who can carry responsibility. 9457 Outlook and Independent.

COLLEGE Graduate—thirty years old—Southerner. Wishes position as companion or secretary for the summer to lady traveling in Europe—in return for all expenses. References exchanged. Miss F. Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION, American lady. Cultured, capable, adaptable. 9459 Outlook and Independent.

COLUMBIA Graduate Student, wishes summer position in cool location. Two years camp experience, travel in Far East, graduate nurse, some office experience. 9461 Outlook and Independent.

YOUNG college graduate, experienced grade teacher, desires position tutor, companion to boy or girl at beach, mountains or country. Or companion to elderly or invalid person. Drive car, assist in home. Will travel. Highest references. June 1st—September 1st. M. H., Outlook and Independent.

COLLEGE-BRED, Protestant woman with four year old son, attending nursery school, desires position in boys' school or as governess in motherless home where there are small children, and where understanding, tact, and experience can make a contribution. References exchanged. 9467 Outlook and Independent.

Mart of the Unusual

Harris Tweed Direct from makers
Ideal sporting material. Any length cut.
Samples free. Newall, 127 Stornoway, Scotland

Embossing hand stamp for letterheads, music, prints, samples, raised letters, two lines \$5.00. Last forever. MESSENGER PRINTERY, Smithtown Branch, L. I.

An argument on Birth Control by Mrs. Winter Russell, \$1.00. RAMBLER PUBLISHING CORPORATION, Smithtown Branch, L. I.

Instruction

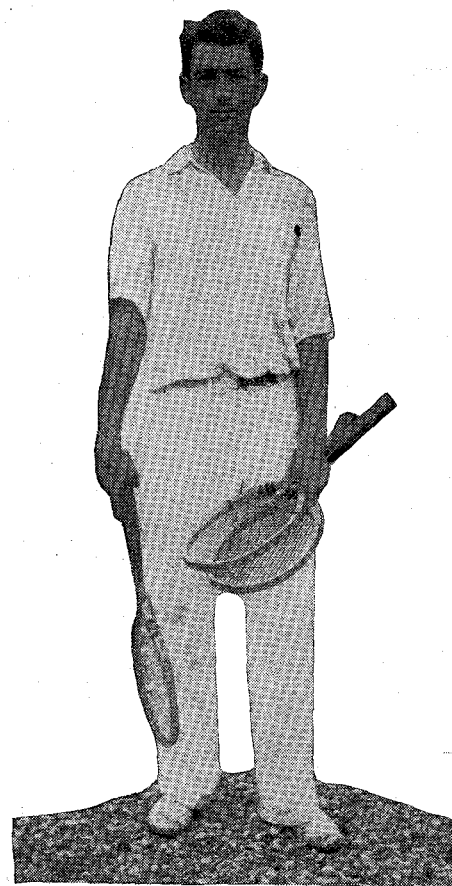
BOOKKEEPING OR ACCOUNTING learned in 60 hours. New method. Easy. Thorough. Personal instruction. Reasonable tuition. Diploma. ACCOUNTING INSTITUTE, Duluth, Minn.

Success or Seasoning?

(Continued from Page 90)

is the hall mark of the true competitor. Unfortunately the Chicago boy is particularly susceptible to faulty decisions, commotions in the gallery, and the suppressed excitement of a Davis Cup tie.

Lott might have beaten Borotra at Paris last year if he could have played



Keystone

JOHN VAN RYN

the Basque after facing Cochet, instead of meeting Jean first. The Chicagoan needed a "pipe opener," a taste of French steel to settle his nerves. His form was convincing against Cochet where he had failed entirely to strike his stride against Borotra.

WHAT OF Johnny Doeg, the wavy-haired boyish Californian in whose veins runs the blood of the tennis Suttons? This young giant, the physical answer to a rowing coach's prayer, lacks tennis brains. His tactical sense is not sufficiently developed to enable him to cope with France's crafty strategists. Cochet and Borotra can think two strokes ahead of Johnny.

Technically, the soft spot in Doeg's armor is his sliced forehand. Overhead, Doeg can unleash thunderbolts of McLoughlin-like finality. His serve is a

lethal weapon, but the French are adept at returning "untakeable" deliveries, and their ground strokes, keen as a Toledo blade, may keep even so mettlesome a net stormer as Doeg from getting to close quarters.

The query now arises—do we want to win the Davis Cup this summer, or are we satisfied merely to give our youthful comers the experience that will ripen them for a future conquest? This question—not so foolish as it may appear at first reading—is prompted by the possible disintegration of what once was an invincible French machine.

René Lacoste, the chess-brained automaton, is fighting a treacherous bronchial infection. He is marooned in a little Basque village, high up in the Pyrenees, his competitive tennis career halted perhaps for all time. Certainly he will not represent France this summer.

Jean Borotra, oldest of the Gallic triumvirate, has been beaten regularly by second fighters during the Riviera campaign. The acrobatic Basque may recover his touch, but his net rushing tactics, his diving interceptions, and his zeal in essaying impossible "gets" are tremendously wearing. Even Jean's elastic legs must be losing their spring.

Now, you guess what I'm driving at when I ask—do we really want to win the Davis Cup this year? If victory is America's aim, it is hard to see how Captain Dixon, endowed with plenary powers, can fail to call upon William Tilden for one last Davis Cup effort. True, Tilden has announced that he is done with Davis Cup play. Perhaps he means it, and yet I cannot imagine this born showman renouncing a chance to dramatize himself. This instinct for the theatrical cannot but suggest to Tilden that the recovery of the Davis trophy would make an ideal epitaph for his tennis career.

In a letter to his friend, Francis Hunter, Tilden writes: "I'm playing better tennis today than at any time since 1925." His amazing sweep on the Riviera, culminating in a victory over Karel Kozeluh, amply supports his own opinion. Wily, sagacious, resourceful, Tilden has both the versatile weapons and the strategic sense essential in combating the French masters.

We may not win with Tilden, but it is hard to picture us winning without him. I do not share the viewpoint of those who hold that "winning the Davis Cup is of small importance; training young players is of great importance." Why not strike for victory with the best we have and let the youngsters get their seasoning in the defense of the Davis Cup?

Sisters of the Hollow Leg

(Continued from Page 117)

hollow leg is not, of course, troubled by such cautiousness and knows that it can take drink for drink with male companions and still remain alert and poised.

For the most part, men seem to be untroubled by any such fear of their conduct while intoxicated. The morning after can be borne—no matter how heavy the hangover—by boasts of just how much was consumed and the appalling degree of their inebriety. Women, it is true, have not reached this advanced stage.

It would be ridiculous to assert that our American women—pioneering in the rich field of alcoholics—have yet attained a civilized taste. They drink more for the effect than for savor. But if pro-

With Our Readers

Jack Ashore

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

Detroit

DEAR SIR:

Don't you think the wisdom of indicting an entire economic group in an absolute and damning way rather questionable? As a sailor I take exception to the title and some of the statements in the article, "The Unredeemables," in the April 30th issue. I do so from a sense of loyalty to my shipmates wherever they may be; from a conviction that the American people have a right to know whether their Merchant Marine, at long last leaving the doldrums behind, is for the most part manned by besotted libertines and contemptible sneak thieves or by men of some character and principle.

People today are not cast in the mould of pioneers. The average sailor now is not comparable to the men of Melville's time because the modern ship makes fewer calls on his skill, resourcefulness and fortitude.

At least a common school and in many cases a high school education is a part of his equipment. Moreover, the books supplied by the American Merchant Marine Library Association assist greatly further self-development. I've seen a college graduate aboard ship taken aback when asked to comment on William James' definitions of consciousness and emotion. I could cite many instances of light in the foc's'le.

It is true there are short runs out of New York which attract a certain element who know they can get longshoremen or beachcombers to do their work while the ship is in port. It is true that sometimes foc's'le conversation vies—shall I say—for dishonors with that of the smoking compartment.

But such wholesale rushes for the bar, the "panic" to get ashore, I have not seen in Montevideo; nor in Buenos Aires, despite noisome vendors of art postcards and promoters of cafes at the White Corner. In Sydney, Australia, I've seen sailors after a thirty day passage from the Canal take a ferryboat ride across the harbor; one might fairly call that the seagoing version of the bus man's holiday. . .

The authors leave the impression that the only reason the anchor isn't sold to dishonest chandlers for drink and excesses is that the chain would make too much noise as it paid out. It is true that now and then ship's stores are delivered underhandedly to fences ashore, crooked bumboat men afloat. But it is not the rule—"the almost invariable procedure"—because a majority of the sailors honor their written pledge in the Articles to respect the property of the owners.

As in the military service some ship's officers are more respected than others. Cool heads and even tempers are valuable. But are the martinet's shoved overboard? I know of not a single instance of it, in fact; not even of a threat to "get" any officer. In extreme cases differences are settled as man to man on the pier.

Appetite comprehends many objects. The sailor ashore likes a change of food and his draw goes in part for that. In Colombo, Ceylon, the trip to Kandy in the interior, is an attraction, but it costs money to see the Capitol of the Pearl of the Indian Ocean. The people back home like to be remembered, and yet the best bargaining with the astute Oriental always leaves the sailor nearly broke.

Why do men go to sea? It's subtle, elemental. There is something about the loneliness, the vast immensities of the waters, the stars in the depths of the sky, the phosphorescent myriads at the bow, that calls the seaman back again and again; and it leaves him quite unhappy elsewhere.

JAMES J. BOGAN

Quaint?

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

Alpine, Texas

DEAR SIR:

A short time ago I received my first copy of the Outlook and Independent, in fact just in time to start John Coffey's "The Autobiography of an Ex-Thief," and must say that I appreciate the article to the very last. However, the concluding installment was a little disappointing to me. This last article was so different, both as to the style of writing, and the context, and somehow it did not carry, it seems to me, the theme of the other preceding articles.

The fact that I enjoyed Mr. Coffey's article

will account for the fact that I enjoy every article in the Outlook, for they are all very similar. I quite like your magazine. It is just quaintly humorous. . . .

J. HAROLD WATTS, JR.

Sophisticated

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

Vergennes, Vt.

DEAR SIR:

I have read with interest Mr. Clyde A. Merilee's letter, dealing with "The Autobiography of an Ex-Thief," which you publish under the heading, "A Gullible Audience." I agree with him for the most part except that I do not share his sense of indignation. In a world governed by chance where millions are born and brought up under every conceivable degree of injustice and lack of opportunity, where the sins of the fathers are saddled upon the children unto the third and fourth generations; why should we be surprised or indignant if we find every conceivable type of individual?

What puzzles me is that the editors should have imagined that this stuff would be interesting to the type of reader who can appreciate the amusing, sophisticated, stimulating material which goes to make up this excellent magazine. To me the article in question has meant merely so many blank pages (I never succeeded in completing the first installment) and I am immensely relieved that it has come to an end.

WOODBURN HARRIS

About Judge Parker

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

Carthage, N. C.

DEAR SIR:

You may be the Outlook but you are certainly not an independent. I subscribed to your magazine for six months with the hope of seeing some pro and con and some independent discussion of the prohibition situation. It appears that you are being backed by the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment. I do not desire to be a fanatical dry or a fanatical wet, and it seems your paper should discuss some remedies for prohibition instead of picking out all the faults.

You are also in gross error when you say that Judge John J. Parker ran for Governor of South Carolina. This bordered on slander.

It appears that you discuss the prohibition situation because you are wet. It would also appear that you are opposed to Judge Parker because he is a man of temperance and also because he is a Southerner. . .

H. F. SEAWELL, JR.

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

Oak Lane, Pa.

DEAR SIR:

On page 695 April 30th issue you say, "Judge Parker displayed prejudice against their race and attempted to discourage Negro voting when he sought the governorship of South Carolina."

This is not true. He never ran for governor of South Carolina. Keep your facts straight. You make too many mistakes for such a small magazine.

T. S. FULTON

Editors' Note—"South" Carolina was a printer's error, which escaped the proofreader. It should, of course, have been North Carolina, and so appears later in the editorial. We did not say, "Judge Parker displayed prejudice, etc." The full sentence reads: "Negroes declare that Judge Parker displayed prejudice, etc."

For Mr. Phillips

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

New York City

DEAR SIR:

I congratulate you on the vigorous article by Mr. Phillips, candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania. It is a resounding, sincere outcry. Out of such stuff was this country made.

I am a sober, peace-loving individual. I view

with alarm my growing passions on the subject of prohibition. I resent the rule of hypocrisy, the point where I will flock to a militant standard such as Mr. Phillips—hating that it is necessary.

RUTHERFORD PLATT

Quoting Dr. Martin

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

St. Lou

DEAR SIR:

In your editorials, the objections to the Eighteenth Amendment are clearly defined, the reasons given for its failure are natural and therefore convincing. I enjoy the editorials very much.

It is always dangerous to ignore the possible psychological effect of any change, particularly one that must be forced on every living soul regardless of habits, mode of living and view points.

No doubt, there are millions like myself who do not care for intoxicating liquors but resent the attempt to govern home life. In the editorial by Everett D. Martin, there are thirty words which give the real answer to prohibition. These are the words: "The abuses of the old or ganized liquor traffic should have been, and could have been, corrected by a wiser procedure. B prohibition is not a solution of the liquor problem."

R. D. COTTAM

Who Seconds this Motion?

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

Bala, Pa

DEAR SIR:

I read the communication from one Rev. Edgar S. Jackson in your issue 23rd.

His idea—segregation—is not original with him, for I have for ten years held that it might be a solution of the prohibition question. I ought to say, that under my plan the Dry crowd would be segregated. If the Poll of the Literary Digest shows anything it is that one State, say Kansas, would hold the whole lot of them in comfort and contentment.

The West—the farther the better—is the logical place for Dry sympathizers. There there are numerous small towns, each having a Main Street with lots and lots of back parlors in which new sins can be invented and plans put forward to compel those with a more cheerful philosophy to obey them.

I therefore nominate the Rev. Jackson of Floral Park to head the hegira back to the "sticks" or the Styx, the selection of destination being a matter of no interest to me.

I hope that one of your readers will second the nomination.

CHAS. J. DEV. KEEFE

"Disgustingly Dishonest"

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

Beverly Hills, Calif.

DEAR SIR:

Evidently the letter of William A. Lord, Jr., appearing in your issue 9th inst. got under your skin. You not only have "straddled, walked the fence, ducked and dodged" but you have been disgustingly dishonest. At the outset, you made a pretense of open-mindedness and impartiality.

From my point of view, you were merely feeling your way and after a time concluded that you could receive enough support from your own kind to make it pay. You were as thoroughly "wet" with the first word you wrote, as you are today.

Furthermore, how delightfully elevating is the preponderance of "Thief's Progress," "Birth Control" and numerous other articles of like type, which are featured by you, accompanied with profane and filthy language and nauseous occurrences. You evidently believe in giving the public their journalism with an excessive amount of roughage. Such smart-aleck journalism may not be as dangerous as it is tiresome.

Your open ridicule and positive insults directed at President Hoover and many other splendid characters in American life conclusively stamp you as anything but an admirable American citizen.

HECTOR D. MACKINNON